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ISIDORE DE MONTIGNY:

—OR, THE—

SMUGGLER OF ST. MALO.

A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

AN ENEMY IN THE DARK.

NOT far from the estate of the Marquis de Montigny was the large and magnificent chateau of Count Arnaud Montfere. The former estate was upon the river Ille, while that of Montfere was to the eastward, and through the grounds ran a considerable stream which emptied into the Ille nearly opposite to the city of Dinan. Montfere was called the richest man in the province of Ille-et-Villaine, and surely his estate was one of the most desirable, his chateau one of the most grand, and his grounds the most beautifully laid out and the most productive. And yet Arnaud Montfere was one of the most grasping and avaricious men in the kingdom. He was a stout man, somewhat tending to corpulency, and showing in his every look and movement the result of his besetting vice. His hair was of a lightish brown—almost red in its hue—and his eyes were a deep gray. His complexion was verging upon the sandy cast, though a close observer would have seen that not only the color, but the roundity, of his face was the result of a bloat. He was fond of wine, and an inordinate quantity of it generally found consumption at his hands.

It was early on the morning succeeding the events just recorded that the Count Montfere mounted his horse and took the road towards St. Malo. He was gaudily dressed, wearing every ornament and gew-gaw that could be placed with any degree of right upon his person. It was not yet fairly daylight when he started, and he rode as one who had business of importance to transact. The late rains had made the roads bad, and the count was forced to ride very slowly in order to keep his garments clear of the thick mud. The distance to St. Malo was near four leagues, and Montfere did not reach the city until eight o'clock. He then proceeded at once to a large cafe near the theatre, and there he found an officer from the English ship, who had apparently been waiting for him.

"Ah, sir count, you are late," said the latter, as he took the noble's hand, and speaking in good French.

"No wonder I'm late. The roads were never worse since they were made. I couldn't hurry, Tollings."

"Well, never mind," said he who had been called Tollings. "You are in time enough."

"Here—let's step into this recess and have a bowl of hot punch, and there we can talk."

"You can have the punch if you like," returned the Englishman, "but I never allow myself to drink so early in the day."

"Pooh," uttered the count, with a slight show of contempt, "the cheering beverage is good at all times. Give me punch, or give me wine, or, what is sometimes better than either, the pure old *eau de vie*, at all times of day."

The punch was called for, and the two men retired to one of the many recesses, and dropped the curtain.

"Now," said the count, after he had drank a good share of the smoking punch, "how fares your young seaman?"

"He's gone, sir count."

"*Gone?*" uttered Montfere, setting down the silver cup from which he had been drinking and starring as though he had been struck. "Gone, did you say?"

"Yes."

"But you promised you would keep him. You said that if the proof could be made by me that he was the son of an English sailor, you would make him fast. Now I can prove that. I can prove that he was not only the son of an English man-of-warsman, but that his father gave him up to the English naval service when he died."

"Perhaps you can, sir count," calmly returned the other, "but that don't matter now. He made his escape last night. So you see your burden of proof don't help the matter."

"Escaped, did he? Then we'll find him."

"But I should advise you to be very careful how you work, for if the youngster should claim the protection of the French government you might find it hard work to get him off again."

"I know all that," returned Montfere, hastily, "but I should not stop for trifles. I know you wanted men, and I knew that this young Fretart would be a good one for you, and so I pointed him out to you. If you have lost him, then you have lost one whom it would have been much easier to keep than to get again."

"Never mind, *mon cher*, we can make his place good."

"But that is not the thing, my brave lieutenant. I wanted you to have him, for, as I told you at the time, I wanted him out of the way. Of course we are too old in friendship for you to question me."

"O, you need not fear that. It is enough for me that the youngster is a stout one, speaks English well, and can be chaimed as an Englishman. It is part of my business to ship good men when I can. If you will contrive to return this fellow to the ship I'll warrant you we'll keep him, and if I come across him I'll take him if I can. But you must see that the thing will be difficult, for I do not suppose you wish to show your hand in the business directly?"

"No, no, of course not," returned the count.

"But how did he escape?"

"It must have been by some deeply laid plot—I will taste of that punch—some well digested plan. A man came on board the ship last night and answered to the name of Wickham, one of our old quarter-gunners; but this morning we found that Wickham had not been aboard. He was found at old Pedro's tap room down by the water, and he had certainly been drugged. The fellow who came on board and answered to his name also drugged the marine who stood sentry over the prisoner, and then both he and the prisoner made their escape through an open port. We gave them chase, but in the darkness we lost them."

"Well, it's a curious piece of business, to say the least," uttered the count, with an oath; "and on the whole you may let the youngster go. You had better not think of getting him on board your ship again. It was a wild plan in the first place, and it has turned out about as well as could have been expected. Let the fellow go."

"Then you have no real fears of him?"

"Fears?" repeated Montfere, looking quickly up. "O, no, no. The whole truth is—and I suppose I might have told you in the first place—the youngster is a most systematic gambler, and he has almost ruined one of my intimate friends. Nor far from my own chateau lives a young man in whose affairs I feel a most lively interest, and by some means he met this Henry Fretart at the gaming table. He not only lost all his ready cash, but he actually made out a conveyance of more than half his real estate, and this, too, Fretart won from him. My friend has a young wife, and if he has to pay this it will utterly ruin him. It was to save him that I meant to have got the rascal out of the way."

"It was kind of you, at all events," said Tollings.

"I can be kind to my friends," returned the count, with a show of magnanimity.

"Then it's all sham about his being English born?"

"O, no. He is that truly; and it was that fact that led me to seek your assistance in the matter. But I will contrive some other means, if possible, to get that deed from him, for I will save my friend from ruin, even though the effort should work to my own injury."

Now whether the Englishman believed all this or not is more than can be with safety said. He knew, or ought to have known, Arnaud Montfere well enough to be led to doubt it. Himself and Montfere had first met when mere boys, at school in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and since that time they had often been together, though of late years they had only casually met, Tollings's profession keeping him pretty steadily engaged. Yet perhaps Tollings did not know the whole of Montfere's character, but the count knew his well enough not to be afraid to trust him to a considerable extent.

"Can you not contrive to get that deed away from the fellow?" the lieutenant at length asked. "I know he must be a witty fellow, for his looks show it, but I must confess that he does not look like a bad man."

"Looks are often deceitful," was the count's reply. "But I will have the deed at some rate."

"Then you will not have him impressed again?"

"No—I guess not. Let him rest for the present, and I will watch him."

Shortly afterwards the two men left the cafe and started down towards the water, and as the subject of Fretart's escape had been fully discussed, Tollings understood that he was to give the matter up so far as any work for his friend the count was concerned.

Poor Henry—he had a new crime now laid to his charge, but it could not matter much, for none who knew him were likely ever to hear it repeated. In truth, Henry Fretart never saw the inside of a gaming saloon, and had the count been pressed to produce his "*friend*" who had come so nigh being ruined, he would have had to lug him up from the miry depths of his own mind, for he never had an existence anywhere else.

It was past noon when Arnaud Montfere set out on his return home, and he had gained the intelligence that Henry Fretart was not at his father's, and that he had not been seen about the city. He talked with himself as he rode along, and we may find out something of his mind by listening to him for a moment:

"I was a fool to think of having the fellow impressed on board that ship," he muttered; "for, even had they got him off, he would of course have found his way back here at some future time if he had lived. But then there's no harm done. Tollings don't suspect more than I told him, and no one else knows anything about it. On the whole, I'm glad the thing didn't work, for now I'll make more sure game of him. I know him, and he must—walk. He isn't needed here at all."

And thus the count rode on, and as he rode he continued to talk of the youth, and of vague plans in connection with him. One enemy, at least, on earth, Henry Fretart had; but why he should have had such an enemy was a thing he could not even have guessed had he known the first fact.

CHAPTER VI.

A REVELATION.

WHEN Henry Fretart arose in the morning he found that Montmorillon had really gone. He met the marquis in the hall, and the old nobleman greeted him kindly.

"Your companion is off," de Montigny said, with a smile.

"Did he leave any word for me?" the youth asked.

"Not exactly. He made me promise that I would give you a home here until he came again, and of course I gave the promise with pleasure. You read, I presume?"

"I am fond of reading, sir."

"Then I think you may pass your time very pleasantly. I have a large library, and while you are here it is at your service. You shall not find me lacking in gratitude."

Henry expressed his thanks very warmly, and shortly afterwards he was informed that breakfast was ready. He went out into the breakfast-room and found that he was to eat with the valet and postman and other attendants of that stamp, but of this, of course, he thought nothing, save to relish highly the rich food that was set before him. He learned from the valet that there were three tables set at the chateau. First the marquis and his daughter took breakfast alone; then the personal attendants ate in the dining-room when there was no company; and lastly come the cook, scullion, gardener, grooms, and those whose occupations brought them in contact with the dirt—they ate in the kitchen. Not yet had Henry seen the maiden, and his curiosity was waxing strong on that point.

Shortly after breakfast our hero was informed that some one wished to see him in the hall. He went down and found his old father there. Pierre Fretart *had* been a father to him, and the youth could not but look upon him in that light, let the relationship of blood turn out as it might. The honest old fisherman was almost frantic with delight at seeing the noble boy once more safe, and as soon as the first transports of his joy were passed he informed Henry that the smuggler had been at his cot before the day had fairly dawned.

"He told me," continued Pierre, "that I had better bring you up some of your own clothes, and so I have done so, and more, too: I supposed you might find some pleasure in your toys, and I fetched them, also. I borrowed old Gaspard's horse, and so your things have come easy."

Henry followed the old man out into the yard, and there, sure enough, he found everything he could have desired. Pierre had not only brought the best part of his wardrobe, but also his little oaken escritoire and his portfolio, and with this last acquisition was the youth particularly delighted, for it contained all the materials for drawing, a good assortment of crayons, and some water colors. Some years before Henry had gained an opportunity to learn to draw of an old artist who had hired him to row him up and down the river while he took sketches of the various points of scenic interest. This old fellow was a penurious individual, and Henry was, at that time, the only one whom he could find willing to wait upon him and take his pay in lessons in the art. But our hero had jumped at the chance with avidity, and he had followed up the study since, for he had a long cherished, secret ambition to raise himself above the level of his companions, and he saw in that art the sure means of doing it. Already had he sold some of his little sketches for fair remuneration, and thus had he been enabled both to furnish himself with materials to pursue his study, and to procure clothing somewhat better than he could otherwise have afforded. He was perfectly willing that his father should call them "playthings" and "toys," and he humored the conceit, too, for he meant to place the good old man in a position above hard work at some future time, and he wished that the act should come as a sort of a surprise.

Pierre helped Henry carry the things up to the snug little room which had been appropriated to his use, and after this had been accomplished our hero's next movement was to get off the hated English garb he then wore, and in its place to don one of his own suits. When this was done the youth really looked like another person, for his own garb was made to fit closely to his finely proportioned figure, and it gave him more of the true beauty that was rightfully his own. It was a suit of fine cloth, with a frock, or blouse, of purple velvet, and a cap of the same ornamented with a golden tassel.

After this was done, and minor matters had been discussed, Henry came upon the subject that lay at that time nearest his heart.

"Pierre," he said, taking a seat near the old man, "I have now a question of much importance to ask you, and I hope you will answer me truly and promptly."

"Did you ever know me to answer you in any other way, my son?" returned the fisherman, earnestly.

"Of course not. But I will come to the matter at once. Of course you know that I am not your child?"

"Not my child!" repeated the old man, starting with surprise. "Who told you that, Henry?"

"I have long suspected it, father, and last night Marco Montmorillon assured me that it was so. How is it?"

"That smuggler is a strange man," said Pierre, speaking half to himself, but yet gazing into the youth's face.

"Never mind him now," urged Henry. "Tell me about this. I am not your son?"

It seemed hard work for the old man to speak, but at length he said:

"Well, my boy, you are not of my blood; but I hope you will not leave me. I hope you will not forsake me in my old age. O, I have loved you, Henry, as though you had been my own, for Heaven never gave me a child of my own blood. You will not turn from me now?"

"No, no, my more than father. Let what may come to be my fate, and nothing shall separate us now. But tell me more—tell me all—all that you know?"

"I will, my boy—and I would have done it long ago if I had thought the knowledge could have benefited you; but I feared 'twould only serve to make you uneasy, and I kept it to myself. That smuggler is a very curious man—a very curious man. There is something about him I cannot understand."

"Never mind him now," interrupted the youth, somewhat impatiently. "It is of my birth I would know."

"Yes—certainly. And I will tell you." The old man bowed his head a moment in thought, and then he resumed: "It is now over eighteen years ago—it will be nineteen come next November—for it was in November I saw you first. I remember the month and the year well, for it was on the same month that our great Napoleon took the proud city of Vienna and fought the great battle of Austerlitz. It was a cold, blustering night, and my wife—she was living then—and myself sat by our fire, where you have sat a thousand times since. It was near nine o'clock when we heard a low rap upon our door, and when I opened it a woman came in, and in her arms she carried a child. She sat down to warm her, and we gave her some supper, and when the child was placed upon the floor he—it was a boy—he looked around till he saw me, and then he ran up to me and clambered into my lap, all the time crying out to me as though I was his father. The poor woman cried at this, and told us that the child's father was dead—that he was a soldier in Napoleon's army, and had been slain. We tried to comfort her all we could, and she staid with us all night. In the morning she wanted us to take care of the child until she came back from Rennes, where she was going to see the governor. Of course we did so. She came back in a week and staid with us three days. We had learned to love the child then just as though it had been our own, for he was a lovely little fellow, and took to us wonderfully. When the poor woman went away next she asked me if we wouldn't take the little boy and take care of him as though he was our own; and we promised to do so with all the pleasure in the world. The poor woman would not stay with us, though we asked her many times. She went away, and we did not see her again until spring. Then she came and stopped a week. Then she came again in the summer, and in the fall, and from that time I have not seen her, nor have I heard from her, though I have inquired often."

"And I am that boy?" murmured Henry, in a choking whisper.

"Yes, you are the boy, and I can lay my hand upon my heart and tell God that I have kept my promise that I made your mother."

"Then you think that woman was really my mother?"

"I know she was. O, it makes me cry now to think how she did use to weep over you when she came to see you. She would clasp you in her arms—cry over you—lay you on the floor, and then get down on her knees and pray for you, and then she would wipe her eyes and make me promise over again to be as kind to you as though you were my own."

The youth's eyes were filled with tears, and for some moments he could not speak; but at length he said:

"It must have been my mother, for I have often had that picture before my mind. I knew not whether it was a dream, or whether it was some real episode of my life; but I see it now. I have seen that face in my dreams, just as plainly as though it were present with me in the flesh—what think you has become of her now?"

"I cannot tell, Henry. Of that you can judge as well as I."

"Do you think she is dead?"

"I fear she must be. Only think—for seventeen years she has not been here. If she were alive, of course she would not have let such time pass without seeing her child?"

"I should think not, of course," returned the youth, in a thoughtful, melancholy mood. "I fear she is really on earth no more. But you spoke of the smuggler—as though there was something curious about him. What is it?"

"Ah, there you have me on the hip. I can't think anything, only that there is something very strange about him."

"It cannot be that—Pooh—no—of course not. No, no."

"What were you going to say?"

"You will think me foolish, perhaps; but I was going to say that it could not be that he was—was my—father?"

"O—why, no," uttered the old man, vehemently. "That's impossible. In the first place, your mother attended the funeral of your father. He was wounded, and came home to die. In the second place Montmorillon is not old enough to be your father."

"That is true," added Henry.

"And next," resumed the old man, "the smuggler knew your father well, and was with him when he died."

"But you know his name—you know my family name, Pierre?"

"No. Your mother told me to call you after my own name. I know no more."

After this the conversation turned upon the smuggler, but they arrived at no other conclusion than that the subject of their remarks was a very strange man. That was the most they could make out.

Pierre remained at the chateau until the middle of the forenoon, and then he took his leave; but before he went he made Henry promise again that he would never leave the poor old man who had been so long a true father to him. The youth gave the promise with tears in his eyes, and if he had not spoken at all, his manner would have assured the anxious old fisherman that his utmost desires would be fulfilled so far as the lasting love of his adopted child was concerned.

When Henry returned to his room after having seen his old protector off, he had plenty to think and ponder upon, and it was not until the bell summoned him to dinner that he was aroused from his reverie.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TUTOR.

It was towards the close of the day that Henry Fretart met the marquis in the hall. It was the first time they had met since morning, and at first de Montigny started, for he thought he had met a stranger.

"Upon my faith," he said, as soon as he recognized his guest, "your change of dress is to your advantage. You are wonderfully improved, and this meeting is most opportune, for my daughter wishes very much to see you—she has sent for you, as she has a curiosity, I suppose, to look upon the man who served her so good a turn."

As the marquis spoke he turned towards the stairs and beckoned the youth to follow him, which he did without speaking, for his mind was in a state of rebellious confusion. The wish of his soul was about to be gratified, and on the way up the stairs he pondered upon the circumstance. He tried to analyze his feelings and learn if he, too, was moved alone by *curiosity*. The marquis had said his child had a *curiosity* to see her preserver. But his meditations were cut short by arriving at the door of her room. The marquis entered first, and when our hero had followed him he found himself in a sumptuously furnished room, the deep windows of which were hung with crimson drapery. Near one of these windows sat Isidore de Montigny. She arose as her visitors entered, and upon her father's introducing Henry she smiled one of the sweetest smiles in the world, and put forth her hand frankly.

The youth felt the small, warm hand rest for a moment in his own, and he thought he never before had felt a hand half so soft or so powerful in its electric properties. He had felt some fear that he should see a proud, haughty beauty, in spite of the dreams he had to the contrary. But he found no such thing. He found a beauty to be sure, but she was a calm, warm beauty, and her whole form and feature bespoke her to be a generous, noble-hearted girl. The sun was just upon the point of setting, and as its rays poured like a flood of liquid gold into the room, they rested upon the face of Isidore and gave additional warmth to the smile that dwelt upon her features. She was so affable, so easy, so kind, and moreover so joyed to see her noble protector, that Henry soon felt himself at ease in her presence, and at a request from the marquis he took a seat.

Now in all probability Philip de Montigny only saw in the youth a poor fisher's son, who had done a kind act, and was therefore entitled to more of esteem than others of his class. He had been very particular to urge it upon his child that she should meet the youth kindly, and treat him with that consideration which his services merited, and he was now pleased to see that she obeyed him.

Isidore did treat Henry Fretart kindly, and her every look and movement might have betrayed to a keen observer that she was agreeably disappointed in his appearance. She had pictured to herself a green, uncouth, overgrown youth, for she had noticed his size before; but she did not conceal the agreeable sensation his noble, manly appearance had produced upon her. She found him in truth a handsome youth, and had her father recollected the half he had heard her say about the opposite sex, he would have known that Henry Fretart must have been her perfect *beau ideal* of a man, for he not only possessed all those physical qualities upon which woman depends for protection and support, but he also possessed that beauty which charms the eye and helps much to strengthen the love and quicken the esteem. And then as for his mind, she had seen that on the previous evening while they were riding home.

Our hero spent an hour in Isidore's company, and even the marquis, who engaged deeply in the conversation, seemed surprised at the general information which his young guest evinced, and he asked how one in a position so unfavorable could have managed to gain so much information.

"Ah," replied Henry, while a beam of pride lighted up his features, "it is not those whose circumstances are the most favorable that always make the best of their time. Is it not true that our strongest minds are those which have had the most rugged path to climb? And is it not also true that this very labor of climbing up the hill of adversity strengthens the mind, and gives more keen appetite for knowledge—more power for digesting information, if I may so speak?"

The marquis admitted that such was the case, and Henry continued:

"But all has not been adverse to me. I have had many advantages, and I have improved them. Three years ago I was employed by the authorities of St. Malo to make drafts of a lot of buildings which they have since put up, and they were so pleased at my poor efforts that they gave me access to their libraries, and I have availed myself of this privilege without stint."

"Then you design some?" said the marquis.

"Yes, I have practised some at it."

De Montigny expressed himself much pleased with the youth's industry, and took occasion to assure him that such a habit must sooner or later find its reward. But Henry, with a smile, assured him in return that he had already found his reward—that the reward of a studious, upright, industrious man always kept company with the improvement, and the nobleman was constrained to admit that it was so.

It had now become quite dark, and at a motion from the marquis our hero arose from his seat and turned towards the door. Isidore bade him "good night," but she did not speak so boldly and freely as she had done upon his entrance. Her voice was more low now, and there was a slight tremulousness in it, too. Of course her father did not notice it, but Henry did, not, however, because it struck him with any particular idea, but because he noticed her every look and movement.

That night, when the youth retired to his couch, he wished that Isidore de Montigny was nearer to his own level of social life. He wished this because he thought how pleasant it would be to have the company of such a person to converse with when he pleased.

And Isidore herself may have not been without some such thoughts, for in the whole circle of her aristocratic acquaintance there was not a single individual who could answer in the least to Henry Fretart's description. The reader may judge somewhat of her position in that respect when he is informed that the Count Arnaud Montfere was the youngest man among the nobility who ever visited her father's chateau, save some few who were either mere children, or else already married. And Arnaud Montfere was forty, at least.

Several days passed away, and during that time Henry saw Isidore several times. One pleasant day he went up to the top of a hill back of the chateau with his drawing pencils and colors, for he had noticed that from that point he could command a most excellent view of the place. It was quite early in the morning when he arrived at his point of observation, and having spread out his paper—quite a large sheet, he commenced his drawing. The distant mountains and hills formed the extreme background—then came a glimpse of the broad river, and then the noble chateau. By noon the sketch was perfect save some slight touches in filling up, and that he left until afternoon. After dinner he went back to his post and finished the sketch. It was so calm and pleasant that he resolved to do the coloring there, and so having brought a cup of water from a spring close at hand he set about the work.

It was near four o'clock, and he had just brought his picture so near its finish that all that remained was the softening and toning of some of the lights and shades. The eyes of the young artist were sparkling, and his cheeks were all aglow, for he knew that he had made a capital picture. The subject was an excellent one, and he knew that he had done it a fair share of justice, at least.

He was just touching the soft shadow of an old tree in the foreground when he heard a footfall near him, and on looking up he saw Isidore de Montigny. She approached him and gazed upon the picture that lay upon the board in his lap. The youth was at first confounded by this unexpected presence, but he quickly recovered himself, and laying aside his pencils he arose to his feet.

"I did not think to find you here," said Isidore, as she still followed the picture with her eyes. "I came out to smell this fresh, sweet air, and at a short distance off I espied you. Of course I could not resist the temptation to come and see what you were doing."

This was spoken with a sweet smile, and Henry replied:

"I have been here all day, mademoiselle. I was up here day before yesterday, and the chateau from this point presented such a beautiful subject, that I could not resist the temptation to come up here and fasten it upon paper."

"And did you make that picture yourself?" asked the maiden, with undisguised surprise.

"Yes," returned Henry, holding it up and placing it in a favorable light. "I have cherished the art for two reasons: The first is, because I feel that such pursuits are calculated, if rightly viewed and studied, to purify the mind and exalt the thoughts; and the second, which perhaps is the most powerful with me, is, that it may at some time place me beyond the influence of poverty and want."

"What a lovely picture," Isidore uttered. "How soft and warm, and how true to the life. I can surely look through those trees into the park beyond, and I can hear the sighing of the gentle zephyr that moves that genial foliage. How natural!"

At that moment Henry felt more pride than he would had all the kings of earth fell down at his feet. The warm, unaffected praise of that beautiful maiden went to his very soul, and it moved him most joyfully.

"If you would not be offended, lady," said the youth, "I would ask you to accept this poor gift as a token of the deep esteem of one who can appreciate worth even though its possessor be far above me in life."

"O, I shall accept it most joyfully," cried Isidore. "But my selfishness will not stop there. You must give to me the secret of the craft. You must learn me to draw. Will you not?"

"If your father consents, lady, I should be most happy."

"O, of course he will consent," uttered the maiden, with sparking eyes. "He will be pleased to have me gain such a privilege. I have often expressed a wish to learn to draw, and he has promised me that he would embrace the first opportunity that presented itself. So we may consider that point settled. O, if I could only learn to draw and color like that; why, I should have the old chateau's walls all covered with pictures in a year. The thing is settled, monsieur, and from hence you are my teacher—but you must not be a very strict one, for I was always taught to have my own way."

"Because your own choice was sure to lead rightly, I suppose," replied Henry, warmly.

"You flatter, sir."

"Truth is not flattery, lady."

"Then you believe me a paragon?"

"Not exactly so did I mean," returned the youth, gazing fixedly into the maiden's smiling face. "I only meant that a mind and soul like yours could not give birth to feelings or impulses that would lead to the commission of wrong. I will soften some of these more abrupt points before I relinquish the picture to your keeping."

"Just as you please, only you must let me have it to show to my father this evening, and you can fix it up about the abrupt points, as you call them, to-morrow. O, I do so long to commence. Don't you think I shall learn to draw very quickly?"

"If you give your attention to it you certainly will."

"You need not fear on that account. When I once resolve upon a study I stick to it."

As the light-hearted girl thus spoke, she handed the picture back to Henry, for she had taken it from him without leave, and then she turned towards the spot where his pencils lay.

"Come," she said, "you must gather up your things and go back with me. My father is at home now, and I would know his decision as soon as possible."

Henry Fretart spoke no word in reply, but he gathered up his pencils and water colors, and when he was ready the maiden moved close to his side and started on down the hill. The youth felt a strange fluttering at his heart, and it was sometime before he could bring his mind into shape for calm conversation. But Isidore rattled away without stint. She had found a subject for thought that made her heart light, and she noticed not that her companion was moved by anything save a native diffidence, and she seemed to strive to dispel that by her volubility. At length, however, Henry overcame his diffidence, and his conversation became animated and interesting, and in proportion as he grew fluent did she become silent and attentive. The conversation turned upon the ocean, and ocean life as contrasted with life upon shore, and at length Henry commenced an account of a passage he once made to America, and he gave some description of men and manners as he saw them in New York and Boston He spoke with much understanding, and Isidore listened attentively, and by the time he had concluded his narrative they had reached the chateau.

Before Henry Fretart slept that night the marquis had engaged him to teach his child the art of drawing. The preliminaries were all arranged, and the youth found himself in a position as novel as it was unexpected, and as strange and embarrassing as it was novel. He resolved to go on, however, and do the best he could, and for fear that he might allow himself to become too much interested in his pupil he resolved that he would not be with her any more than he could possibly avoid, and that he would crush out any and every symptom of feeling, more than due respect, that might manifest itself in his soul!

Very wise and most sage conclusion! Perhaps Isidore de Montigny made the same resolve. At all events, such an arrangement, in order to be effective, should be mutual.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRANSACTION OF MOMENT.

Henry Fretart commenced his course of instructions to Isidore de Montigny. He had himself received the most careful training in his commencement, for the old artist of whom he learned was governed more by a pride in the art than by any desire to make his pupil perfect, and hence he made all the stress he could upon the preliminaries, intending, no doubt, that the youth should not receive more than the rudiments from him without more pay. But Henry had been too quick for him, for, having thus learned the rudiments so perfectly he strode on into the mysterious depths of the art without the power of the penurious old fellow to prevent it. And so did the youthful tutor now have the power to make his own first lessons to his fair pupil the more plain and substantial. He took all the pains in his power, and he was more than recompensed by the gratitude and appreciation which she evinced.

It was on the morning of the third day after Henry had commenced his instructions that the Count Arnaud Montfere rode into the court of the chateau. It was a beautiful morning, and the count was dressed with the most scrupulous nicety. He gave his horse to one of the grooms, and immediately afterwards he was met upon the piazza by the marquis. The Marquis de Montigny knew Arnaud Montfere only as the richest man in the province, and as a nobleman of sure standing. He may have known that he sometimes allowed wine to get the mastery over him, but that circumstance dwelt not in his mind.

"So you've come to see me at last," the marquis said, as he took the count by the hand and shook it warmly. "By my faith, I had about made up my mind that you were either dead, or had evacuated the province."

"O, no; but I have been very busy," replied Montfere, exercising a frankness which did not belong to him, but which he endeavored to put on when in the company of such a man as he knew the marquis to be. "I have been very busy, my dear marquis, and so have had to even deprive myself of this pleasure."

De Montigny smiled a reply, and then led his guest into the chateau. Wine was brought, and various topics of conversation were engaged in. At length the count's reserve wore off, and drawing his chair closer to his host he said:

"I am now going to broach a subject which has long occupied my thoughts, and which I have perhaps before hinted at, though I am inclined to think that you never understood me. You know our estates join each other?"

"Yes," returned the marquis, with an air of deep attention. "They do join each other; and two finer estates are not to be found in the province."

"That's true, my dear marquis. By the mass, I doubt if there be two finer estates in the kingdom."

"Perhaps not," rejoined de Montigny.

"And," added Montfere, "where will you find two estates that would look better made into one? Where are the two estates that could be so beautifully laid out together, for comfort, pleasure and convenience?"

"I never thought of it before; but upon my soul there's sense in it," replied the marquis, thoughtfully. "It is just as you say. But," he added, looking up with a smile, "I am not prepared to buy at such a price as you must hold your estate at, and I'm sure I am not prepared to sell at—"

"Stop, stop, my dear marquis. You are dull. What would my estate be worth to me but for your society and that of your family? Sell? No, no. Isn't there another idea that strikes you?"

The marquis looked into the face of his interlocutor, but he did not speak. He was deeply engaged in thought, as the passing shades upon his countenance gave proof.

"Don't you comprehend?" Montfere continued.

"Not exactly, my dear count."

"Then I must explain. You have only one heir?"

"Only one," the marquis responded. "My sweet child is my only heir."

"And you will never marry again?"

"No. I am too old for that."

"Just so," said the count, drinking another glass of wine, and then, clearing his throat, he added: "And I have no near relatives living. If I should die now my estate would be scrambled after by some score of distant cousins, or something of that sort. But I want an heir, my dear friend. I want, when I leave this mundane sphere, to leave my great property in the hands of some one who will take care of it, and appreciate the gift. I have seen your daughter—I have walked with her, rode with her, and conversed with her; and is it a wonder that I have learned to love her? Here Montfere placed his hand upon his heart, and with a most tender look and tone he added: "And now it has come to this; if I would be happy on earth I must possess the sweet love and confidence of Isidore de Montigny. O, my friend, you cannot refuse me."

The marquis did not evince any signs of astonishment at this announcement, though it moved him with deep interest. And his looks did not betray any opposition. The count noticed this on the instant, and in a persuasive tone, with his hand still upon his heart, he resumed:

"Thus would our estates become one, as our interests would become one also. To those who shall rise up in after years, bearing our names, and wearing the honors of our united houses, we should leave a fitting store of this world's goods; and I know that my wife would be one who would be sure to leave no droppings from her tongue but those of truth and wisdom. This may be new and unexpected to you, my friend, but it has long been cherished as the very apple of my earthly hopes and aspirations. What say you?"

"Why, in truth, my dear count, it is new and unexpected to me," returned de Montigny, in a slow, but calm tone. "Some such thoughts, I must confess, have at times flitted through my mind, but they have been very vague, and rather the dim figures of *possibility* than the foreshadowings of anything like *probability*."

"But you will think of it now, my friend. You now know my wishes, and the path of consideration is plain before you. But you must not disappoint me—you must not break my heart."

"Upon my knightly honor," spoke de Montigny, with quick energy, "I do like the picture." He had been thinking with deep earnestness, and as he now spoke he raised his head and hand at the same time, and his hand came down upon the table with much emphasis. "You are somewhat advanced in life, to be sure, but I do not know as that should make much difference."

"Why should it?" quickly interposed Montfere, with sparkling eyes, for the words which his host had spoken had made him exceedingly hopeful. "There may be younger men in the kingdom, but where will she find a better home? I am not yet forty—not forty, *mon ami*; and I have no doubt that when you look back to the age of forty you feel as though you were then quite a young man."

"Younger than I am now, at all events," replied the marquis, with a smile. "But you must remember that I am not yet an old man—only fifty."

"True—but then ten years is considerable to add to a man's lifetime. But then forty years just brings a man into the prime of life and experience."

"So it does, Montfere—so it does; and I do not consider you a whit too old. Yet I must think of this matter."

"Of course you should take time to consider upon it," said the count, very sentimentally, "for it is a question of vast moment. But I have considered upon it long and deeply. I did not, as soon as I became enamored of the Lady Isidore, resolve that she should be my wife, but I first sat me down and calmly considered upon the subject. I asked myself if I could make a good and faithful husband, and if I could make a true and loving wife happy. And then I asked myself if I could devote that care and attention to the welfare of a young and lovely female which such an one as your child would deserve. I pondered upon these points carefully, and having settled them all with a calm and devoted understanding, I have resolved to know my fate. I shall be very unhappy if my hopes are all blasted now, and yet I shall not blame you for any course you may in your parental wisdom see fit to take. Only one thing gives me any fear."

"What is that?" asked the marquis, showing by his looks that he was very favorably impressed by his companion's manner, and speaking in a tone, and with an expression, which seemed to indicate that he hoped there would be no occasion for fear.

"Perhaps," answered Montfere, "the Lady Isidore will be governed by the first impression which the subject makes upon her mind, and that, you are probably aware, may be one of prejudice. She may not at first realize what a superior home she will gain, and what superior social advantages the position will afford her."

"O, I guess not."

"But you know how far prejudice sometimes can go with inexperienced girls, and how tenaciously they will cling to it."

"I am aware of all that, and I am also aware that I have not yet given up all parental control of my child. Be assured, my dear count, that if I conclude that it would be best for Isidore to take a certain step in life, that step will be taken."

This last sentence was spoken very slowly, and with strong emphasis, and Arnaud Montfere, unable to restrain his gratification, reached out and grasped his host by the hand.

"I could not have advised you to such a course," he said, "but yet it is surely the only true one. We should never suffer our children to pursue a course against our will, especially when we are convinced that our decision is for the good of all concerned. But you will consider upon this."

"Yes, I will. And to open our hearts wider upon such a new and novel occasion, and, I may say, important occasion, we will open another bottle of wine."

The marquis reached towards the bell-cord as he spoke, and at the same time the count was moved by a strong emotion. He hesitated a moment, and the twitching of his facial muscles showed how difficult it was for him to make up his mind; but before the bell was rung he caught his host's arm.

"Stop, my dear marquis," he said. "I think we have drank enough. Perhaps you are aware that in times gone by I have indulged at times deeply in the wine-cup. Have you never heard of such a thing?"

"I may have heard it spoken of, but that is nothing," returned de Montigny, unwilling to make any remark of censure.

"But it is much to me," added the count, with a show of great sincerity. "In times gone by I have had no one to care for but myself, and I have not been so circumspect as he should be who would take upon his charge the happiness of another. No, my friend, no more wine now, for I have resolved that henceforth the tempting glass shall never hold its syren power over me."

Who could doubt that the speaker of such a sentence was honest and sincere? Philip de Montigny did not doubt it, and from that moment his mind was made up that Arnaud Montfere should be his son-in-law. He was himself an honest man, and he believed that his visitor was honest, too; and this resolution proved to him, as he thought, that the suitor for the hand of his child was really and truly qualified to make her happy.

"My dear Montfere," he said, extending his hand, "your resolution gives me the greatest pleasure, and it proves to me that you are really desirous to make a kind and good husband."

"O," uttered the count, still holding de Montigny's extended hand, "I wish I dared to hope that you would bless me as I ask. God only knows what a happy man I should be."

This was spoken in a tone so earnest, and so full of pathos, that even a more coldly disposed man than the marquis might have been moved by it, and he immediately said:

"You may hope, my friend—you may hope; for since we have been conversing upon the subject I have examined it with considerable care, and my mind is about made up in your favor. The truth is, there is no knowing at what moment I may be called away, and surely my child should have some safe stand-point for life. Among all our acquaintances I do not know of another eligible match for her. You may hope, sir, and I doubt not your hopes will be blessed with fruition."

This was the height of Arnaud Montfere's present wishes, for he knew the marquis well enough to know that he would not be easily moved from what he had once resolved upon. He had long been desirous of gaining the Lady Isidore for a wife, for even his gross mind appreciated something of her beauty, and he loved her—not as the noble, high-minded lover, but as the satiated libertine can love. Of his moral character de Montigny knew comparatively nothing, for always in his presence the count had assumed the most pleasing exterior he could command. And this the count had done in furtherance of his own plans and desires. He wanted the beauty of Isidore de Montigny, and more still did he want the fine estate to which she was the undisputed heiress. He had long looked upon this property with longing eyes, and he had reasons for it, too—reasons which none save himself among his friends suspected. One thing made the estate of the marquis more pleasant than his own. The former was upon the broad and much travelled Ille, whose waters at that point were always teeming with life, while the latter was further back, and watered by a much smaller stream called the de Vaux, taking its name from a former owner of the estate. Yet, as we have before said, the de Vaux estate was by far the most valuable.

"My dear, good marquis," exclaimed Montfere, rising and embracing him, "you know not how happy you have made me, and I hope we may both live, so that I can prove my gratitude in something more palpable than words. I do not think you will cast me down from the pinnacle of happiness to which you have raised me."

"You need not fear," replied the marquis, with equal warmth. "I shall inform my child of what has transpired, and she shall prepare at once for the business. And now let us walk out and see my grounds. I have had some new vines since you were here last, and there are new exotics, too, in the garden. Come."

And so Arnaud Montfere followed his host out into the garden, and as he walked along, looking almost like a giant by the side of the much smaller marquis, his face bore the signs of the deep exultation which he had not the power to conceal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREAT THOUGHTS.

No productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of any one: such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them as an unexpected gift from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks. In such cases, man may often be considered as an instrument in a higher government of the world, as a vessel found worthy for the reception of a divine influence. I say this whilst I consider how often a single thought has given a different form to whole centuries, and how individual men have, by their expressions, imprinted a stamp upon the age.—*Goethe.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

KATHLEEN.

BY L. M. TENNEY.

Thou art fading, swiftly fading,
From my yearning gaze away,
E'en as fades the crimson cloudlet,
That crowns the dying day.
And I know, the cold, far heavens
Soon will be a vail between
Thy form and me, my truest one,
My beautiful Kathleen.

I stand beside the window,
Gazing forth upon the snow,
And think how very chill it is,
Within the ground below.
O, would the summer time were here,
With flowers and grasses green;
How can I lay thy fair, slight form,
Beneath the snow, Kathleen!

Yet, in the solemn twilight,
I know thou'lt come to me,
For thy gentle, gliding footfall,
I shall hearken breathlessly.
And, where the moonbeams linger,
I shall see the beauteous shem
Of thy heavenly raiment, glisten,
Spotless angel—dear Kathleen!

Faint and weary, ere the night-time,
I shall come and share thy rest;
For round thee twines the vital chain,
Whose links beat to my breast.
Its loving clasp can ne'er unclose,
Though death shall intervene;
O hidden is my life in thine,
My beautiful Kathleen!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ISADORE DE SELDA.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A LIGHT, bland and southern, vivid as only an Indian moon can shed, fell on the broad plaza, and lighted up the oriental looking path that led to the house of a wealthy planter. Flowers exquisitely fragrant, crowned every little tuft, and spread their rosy palms towards heaven, looking from the tops of gorgeous trees. It was one of the loveliest nights of a tropic clime; and the different groups seated upon the piazza of Colonel de Selda's mansion, seemed ravished with the scene.

The three or four individuals of most prominence present, were Colonel de Selda, his daughter, Alfred Vernon and Leslie Danton; the latter, a wealthy young American travelling for pleasure.

Colonel de Selda sat composedly smoking a cigarette. He was a tall, finely proportioned man with complexion a cast above that of the quadroon, features very regular and noble—and he was richly attired in dashing neglige; a cap covered with gold embroidery upon his white locks, a few costly gems sparkling on his slender fingers. There was a touch of the dandy dashed with the ease and elegance of the real gentleman about his demeanor, that made him quite an attractive personage. Alfred Vernon was also a creole. His hair was jetty black and flowed in easy curl from the crown of the head to the brow of one of the finest faces ever studied by man. Spanish and English blood flowed through his veins. He stood to-night with folded arms in a recess, formed by a jutting window, where the shadows of the lime trees shrouded him partially, and his eye, fiery and darting in its sweep, rested now upon the colonel's daughter, at times on Leslie Danton, who stood gracefully familiar beside the chair of the lady.

Isadore was a West Indian beauty, and almost irresistibly lovely; the never denied, the only and idolatrously worshipped child of Colonel de Selda, the quadroon planter and his English wife. Start not, reader, the combined warmth of coloring and delicacy of feature characteristic of the young belle's superior beauty, enhanced her charms to an almost startling degree. De Selda had married a poor, but pretty English girl, whose parents died during a prevailing epidemic, leaving her to destitution, beggary or shame. With all her prejudice, she found in the polite and handsome De Selda, a kind and indulgent husband; and when the beautiful Isadore was born, her happiness was perfect.

I have not forgotten Leslie Danton, who, with a lover's eye and a poet's rapt expression, stood near the creole beauty. A flower of delicate perfume rested in the grasp of Isadore; it had just been presented her by Leslie; and she guarded it with jealous tenderness. Whenever the foreign stranger stooped to speak with her, or otherwise do homage to her charms, her eye burned with a bright, steady light, and her cheeks were suffused with blushes. He was of very delicate "build," as an Englishman would say, his complexion light and transparent, his eyes fervidly brilliant, while on either cheek blazed that fearful red that marks the doom of the consumptive. He had sought these balmy shores for his health's sake, but the ethereal beauty of his countenance told too truly that here, on any earthly shore, he was destined not long to remain.

Before Leslie Danton made his appearance, Alfred Vernon was all but an accepted lover. Everybody thought Isadore would marry him, if her lip did curve disdainfully at times at the marks of his overflowing devotion, expressed perhaps with too much openness in public. And the colonel had set his heart on the match, for Alfred was the son of a near and rich neighbor, —he was besides a scholar, a genius and an author. But after the advent of the young American, Alfred grew jealous, impetuous and exacting; and at last, a hate that was almost deadly, settled down in his bosom against the new favorite. To-night he was not looking on the bright avenue, or the sheen of the glassy river, lying calm and motionless beyond—his heart was full of bitterness, and as a natural consequence—very, very heavy.

Leslie Danton bent his head a little, spoke a few words, and with graceful compliance, Isadore arose, gathered her robes of white with one hand, and leaning on the arm of the stranger, passed into the room beyond. Nobody followed for the colonel had not finished his dainty cigarette, and Alfred Vernon had wrapped himself so completely in the mantle of jealousy, that though it stifled him, he could not tear it from him. Rooted to the spot he seemed, as the silvery tones of music floated towards them; his teeth gleamed from between his parted lips; his high, haughty brow was darkened with the cloud of a deep, angry frown. Never was heavenly music listened to by an ear less attuned to beautiful harmony. He could look in the window, see her fair fingers glide over the keys, note her modest, downcast glances, her upturned look.

"She never thus appeared to me," he muttered from between those brilliant teeth. "I have grown common; I am not fair enough; I wish to heaven," he cried in his anguish, "I could strip myself of this yellow skin. I would undergo any torture to be as fair as he. O look, he can flatter, he can bring blushes to her cheek; why have I not before secured the prize? God help me—I could shoot him on the spot!"

"You will come then, to-morrow?" said Isadore, plucking leaf after leaf from the delicate rose in her hand.

"Expect me without fail," answered the enamored American—"allow me" the guests had departed, all but he, and nobody saw Alfred in the shadow; he raised her hand to his lips, and in a moment was gone, leaving Isadore with eyes bent on the ground and smiles and blushes mingling on her face.

"Miss Isadore seems overpowered by the ardor of a foreigner's salute," said a deep, ironical voice behind her.

"Spy," exclaimed Isadore, her eyes flashing with sudden anger. "Alfred Vernon, this meanness is unparalleled;" but as she spoke her voice softened; the face now confronting her grew changed, and desolation, despair, were written in unmistakeable characters all over it.

"O Isadore de Selda?" he cried, and his heart wailed as if it was broken with his voice—"have I loved you and trusted you so fondly, so long, but to lose you at last? O, could I show you my very spirit bleeding in the anguish of its love for you! O, that I could tell you how miserable you make me, you would pity me, pity me, Isadore de Selda—proud, beautiful creature," he added mournfully, after a brief pause. "Isadore, can you no longer bear with me? do you too, despise me?"

"I despise no one, Mr. Vernon;" said the planter's daughter, in a low voice.

"O, but you have smiles, and blushes, and rapt looks for one—for one, Isadore de Selda, and I am no longer to be Alfred, but Mr. Vernon. I wish to heaven I had never seen you. You are false"—his eye blazed fearfully—his beauty was grand with the terrific conflict between jealousy and wounded love. "No, forgive me;" he cried, his voice changing to marvellous softness, as she stepped hastily away—"you are beautiful as an angel; my heart's star—you must, you must be true to me, my own love. I know you have not hated me, and perhaps I have expected too much; only tell me I may still hope, Isadore, do not cast me off for this pale foreigner."

"What do you mean, Alfred Vernon?" but her look and gesture, made repelling, by offended pride, he scarcely noticed. Too intent upon his own grievances, he incautiously continued:

"You know, Isadore, or perhaps you do not, and I will tell you; the shores of America are inhospitable for such as us. In England, there are fewer prejudices, but if you should marry this man, he would be ashamed even of his beautiful wife. O Isadore, do not encourage him to my ruin, to your own!"

Fairly roused at last was the spirit of the impetuous creole. She stood with her head thrown back, an angel impersonation of insulted majesty —her fine eye flashing, her red lip curved, disdain, scorn, passion working alternately across her beautiful features.

"Alfred Vernon," she cried, at last, "there is at least no bond blood in my veins. Who am I? Who are you? My father's and father's fathers have been judges in the land—and I hold myself equal with the proudest, be he from England or America! As for you, if I ever loved you, the illusion is over now. Isadore de Selda mates not with the descendant of an African bond-woman."

No sooner said than repented of; she shrank from his burning eye—from the tempest, pent up in his bosom, that he panted and labored to throw forth; she fled to her chamber, covering, as the vision of his hapless face came again and again to her memory. She walked the floor weeping passionate tears; the love she had fancied chimerical, rose up strong in her bosom at his glance of withering scorn. She had taunted him, not of a crime, an infirmity, but for what he could not help; she had insulted him with words for which a man had perished on the spot; and all night his noble face, stern and beautiful even in rage, stood between her and sleep.

"Isadore, my girl, I feared you would not be in time to help me to my coffee. For seven years since you came from England, my child, I have not missed you at the breakfast-table—no, no, it would break my old heart, I can't think of it," he added, as if speaking to himself—"as to Alf. what have you done to the boy, Issy, or is it only a freak of his? He sailed at daylight in the Empress, and heaven knows whither she is bound. What did he say to you about it?"

"Nothing," replied Isadore, with pale lips, and she strove to keep the hot tears back.

"Nothing—hey? put your pale cheeks and this letter together, and I should say the result is something—and something rather serious."

Eagerly she clutched the letter; it was a proposal from the enamored stranger. She read it silently, but no flush came to her cheek; she gave it back with untrembling fingers.

"Issy, I can't spare you," said the doting old man.

"You need not fear, dear father, I have no wish to leave you."

Her voice trembled, and the keen eyes of De Selda penetrated almost to her soul.

"And Alf., you know of course why the rogue has gone off without so much as letting one see his handsome phiz?"

"I—think I do, father?" She strove with might and main to conquer the faintness that threatened, at these searching questions.

"Of course you do; and now I think of it, Captain Emmerson, said yesterday, that he should go to England. I had forgotten. Rare fellow, that Alf. Shouldn't wonder if he were to be a governor, or something such, one of these days. I am proud of him; the whole island is proud of him; in England there's no knowing what he might become. He has gone perhaps on a visit to his sister; do you remember his sister? She was very beautiful, but you were a mere babe when she was here. An army officer married her; I forgot his name it was so long ago. There was considerable talk about it, but zounds, a girl of her beauty and attainments might marry whom she pleased. I have heard that she refused alliance with more than one young sprig of nobility—served 'em right; she was too good to be—Clemmy, you black imp, drop that dish, and fly to your mistress. What is it, my child? you are ill; what are you bothering about here for, ape? run for the doctor; Issy, don't look so white, love;" and nearly frightened out of his senses, Colonel de Selda lifted his daughter and laid her on one of the many couches that lined the room.

"Call her back, dear father," said Isadore, faintly. "I want no physician. I shall forget it perhaps; but father, dear father, Alfred—last night, we parted in anger."

A convulsive burst of tears relieved the overcharged heart, and the weeping girl told her father all. He seemed surprised, indignant, but he did not chide her.

De Selda's household was celebrating the return of its master's English wife, who had been spending several months in the land that gave birth to her parents. The negroes, attired in their best, danced lazily in the yard, or sauntered in the avenue, showing their white teeth with infinite gusto on the repetition of some favorite joke. All was hilarity and happiness within doors and without. The fair wife sat on her favorite couch amusing the guests with vivid descriptions of her recent tour—her hand resting lightly on the head of Isadore, and her eye, with a doubting, wistful glance, often seeking the pale cheek of her lovely child. Isadore, robed in laces and gauzes of the finest texture, listlessly gazed about her, the absent look that had become a habit only changing, when, with smiles, she answered the glance of her mother. Several had urged her to sing; but to all she said alike, "I cannot," so decidedly, so almost petulantly, that wondering, they desisted. Not so Leslie Danton. He came up to her with that wildly blazing eye, and that rose color so defiant towards death, and almost whispered, "Miss De Selda, I am going home to-morrow; you will favor me at least with one little song?"

And he stood there and turned the music leaves, while his weak frame trembled at the tones of her masterly voice. Yet there was change even in that; everybody noticed it; no longer were the strains overpowering, triumphant—but low, wailing notes, like flute echoes, vibrated through and through the very heart.

"Isadore, you have been well, I hope," said Mrs. De Selda, "well and happy, love, while I have been gone."

"It's the confounded climate," cried De Selda, gruffly interposing, "and I'm going to carry her away. You see she looks pale, doesn't she, pet? and as you have had your time, I don't see why sis and I shouldn't have ours. What say you, Issy, for a trip to America, and return by way of England? Come, I've been thinking of it these six months; it will do Isadore more good than all the doctor's stuff in Madeira."

And it was decided that hour, that, on the return of the Trepic Bird, a favorite vessel soon expected, whose captain had won an enviable reputation for gallantry and attention to his duty —Colonel De Selda and his daughter should visit the United States.

"Is that all?" asked the old man, pointing to two huge trunks ready to be carried to the vessel; "do you go, Isadore, and pack up every scrap of clothing and dry goods in your possession—mind now, every scrap."

"Why, father, only for two months?" and "why, colonel! one would think you were going to be gone a year," chimed mother and daughter together.

"Well, who knows," said the colonel, with a sudden seriousness, "who knows but I may stay there forever?"

"Why, father," exclaimed Isadore, springing to her feet.

"Don't you see pass and I might take a liking to the place, and transfer goods and chattels, become naturalized, and die a blue Yankee in the land where they make wooden vegetables. But never you mind that, take all your clothes, they will be curious there, and you'll have forty people a day dying for your fashions."

"Well, father, to please you,"—and forthwith the trunks were packed—the parting over, and Isadore soon snugly tucked in her state room, wishing in vain that the sea were dry ground, and the gilded state-room a chaise and two.

At one of the most famous hotels in Broadway, New York, everybody was surmising, and a few "sweet flutterers" absolutely "dying, if you would believe it, my dear," with reference to a new and distinguished arrival.

"You cannot comprehend," said the former, "what a glorious beauty she has; and," whispered the latter, confidentially, casting a side glance at the splendid mirror, "they do say her beauty will eclipse everything abroad. I'd give the world to see her."

And they did see her, but though envious and splenetic as I dare say many of them felt, they soon divined there was little occasion for jealousy. Isadore was seldom unattended by her father; "that dark, noble-looking old fella," as one of the "bloods" was pleased to call him. Her eyes were as beautiful as ever; indeed, a sweetly pensive shade made them a thousand times more attractive, and her rich, rosy lips were seldom curved into smiles. Constant exercise and change of scene had painted her fair checks faintly, tinging them with that color that edges with pink sometimes the petals of the white rose.

Weeks and months passed, and Isadore had been the well worn round of fashionable amusements. And still in the midst of glorious scenes of art, and the beautiful, her head ached with the longing only to hear the well-remembered name. Should she possibly meet him yet the throb grew dangerous, and she nervously pressed her hand over it, if so it might still the wild beating. The time for their return drew near—they were to go by the way of England.

The morning of their anticipated departure dawned, sunny and cloudless. Isadore was busy directing her maid, whose nimble fingers worked lightly at the packing.

"See, father," she said, laughing, "only two trunks I have needed to unpack, and here are ten; what in the world am I to do with these clothes? they will all be ruined."

"You'll find enough to do with them, daughter," replied De Selda, receiving at that moment a letter from the porter; "remember, we may stay sometime in England. See, this must be from your mother, yet it is not her handwriting;" he ran his eye rapidly over the contents, cried, "God have mercy on me!" and fell heavily to the floor.

In all the confusion that followed, Isadore was very calm. She saw them carry her father to his room, knelt beside him with the open letter in her hand till the doctor came, suffered the latter to lead her passively to the room adjoining, and heard with a silence, stern and terrible, the announcement that he was past all recovery, that he was dead. Not a tear gathered in her brilliant eye, and the medical men feared insanity. For her trouble had deadened every faculty—she seemed as one denied of all sense save that of seeing. Her dry eyes drank in again and again the agonizing news contained in the fatal letter. A hurricane swept the island—a fire destroyed her father's property, and her mother had not survived the blow inflicted by a falling beam.

Thus Isadore was an orphan, and a stranger in a strange land, but not quite alone. Clemmy and Dinah, two faithful domestics, did not desert her now. She had protected them from many a fashionable jibe, she had borne many a cutting remark, because she was kindly familiar with them; at home they had been her favorites, and now they displayed in an uncommon degree, a tact and facility of invention that quite surprised poor Isadore. After the first awful shock of bereavement, she began to estimate her means, and found she had money enough to enable her to hire some comfortable rooms.

"And ki," said Clemmy, "she'd work her hands to de bone for Miss Issy."

Behold the once brilliant and wealthy creole installed in a small, though comfortable apartment, meagerly but neatly furnished. Many friends came forward with words in plenty, but Isadore's proud and sensitive nature shrank from vulgar sympathy.

One or two ladies, women like those who are sometimes found moving in halls of splendor, held their hands out with olden cordiality, with their hearts in them. These procured her a few scholars, and with her earnings and the mites of Clemmy and Dinah, who had procured good places and would not be refused, Isadore was for a time beyond want.

Why did she not go home? Well, I suppose it was because she was too proud to be dependent. Home! what home had she? She could not live on the bounty of purse-proud relations; no, she preferred to stay by the ashes of her father. There were the ashes of hope dead in her heart, also.

Winter came, cold and pinching. As Isadore put her rich, thin dresses over the black arms of Clemmy, she exclaimed, with tears, "poor father, he told me I should need them! he little thought I might some day be obliged to sell them to obtain bread."

"Ki, missee, you'll perish here," cried Clemmy. "I wish you could share my fire in the rich man's kitchen. Ki, snow am a funny thing —'most kill poor Clem."

"I shall have some coal to-morrow," said Isadore, and she hitted the fine sewing from her little basket, plying her needle till her pupils needed her.

Here was a case of real poverty, real discouragement. Her health was failing; she was forced to do menial, or subordinate services—she, the once petted child of fortune, her future was dark, very dark and sad. Why did she not resort to the popular method of ending her troubles and her life together? Because, though proud, hers was not the soul to sink under the heaviest trial; a something called faith in God, enabled her to rest upon his promises.

But she was often downcast and dejected. One evening, when in a sadder mood than usual, even for her, Clemmy came in, her face all alight, exclaiming that she had good news. Hardly had she spoken, before a knock sounded at the door. The girl obeyed the summons and ushered into the poor room a young man enveloped in a large cloth cloak which fell gracefully from his shoulders.

"Mr. Danton," cried Isadore, turning pale, as he bared his pale, high brow—"you have chosen a wild night for your kind attention."

"I came in a carriage," he answered, bending upon her his fearfully brilliant eyes, and coughing nervously as he took the proffered chair. "You cannot tell me how deeply it pains me—this—this change, Miss De Selda. I found you by mere accident; meeting with your servant this afternoon, she told me all."

"My good Clemmy, she is no longer my servant, Mr. Leslie," said Isadore, mournfully.

"Guess I is, though, jis' the same as ebber, an' more so," cried Clemmy, indignantly. "White help treats me savage they does, an' calls me nigger; but Miss Isadore, a real born lady, always made me feel as I was chile an' not a servant; but I is, though, an' I always will be, for her."

"Good creature," said Danton, and Isadore's eyes were full of tears.

Danton took advantage of Clemmy's absence for a few moments, to make with all the passionate fervor of his first appeal, an offer of his hand and fortune. For a moment, Isadore felt like yielding, then she thought of her poverty, her origin, and the disappointment of parents who had formed ambitious hopes for him, should he marry the poor creole.

"At least," she answered, "let me think of it first, let me see if I can root out the love of another. And what if I cannot? How could you accept a divided heart?"

"As for me I am going very soon," he said, tenderly; "my race is almost run; but you I would place above want, and I love you with a love not of earth; I respect your sorrow, and claim only the right of protection. Think of my proposal. Remember I am waiting, full of pain and weariness, the result of your decision. How sweet it would be could my wife bend over my dying pillow, and smooth my passage to the grave."

Isadore was weeping. He bade her tenderly good-by, and soon the sound of carriage wheels grew faint, and she was left to painful thought.

"O if this uncertainty were ended," she cried, clasping her hands, "if I might but hear from him—that he despised me, had forgotten me. Ah, he has his triumph now."

The next day was cold and cheerless still, and in a desponding mood, Isadore returned from the house of one of her pupils, picking her way over the wet pavement, and with an effort holding her small cotton umbrella; for the wind blew in gusts. Letters that day received from her native land had beer full of bitterness to her ever sensitive spirit, and her little store of ready money was almost gone. Her heart bounded at sight of her faithful Clemmy, who, obtaining permission to return earlier than usual, had built a bright fire, while a little table was set officiously in the centre of the room, and the tea urn and tea-kettle sang a duet together.

"An' see what I've got for you; missus sent it; a ticket; a lecter ticket; she say it'll be great."

Isadore took the card and held it to the light. Her heart beat violently, and she almost shrieked the name of the lecturer; Alfred Vernon."

"I told missus," cried Clemmy, joyfully, that I know'd him, and you'd know'd him, an' aften, an' aften he'd been to our house, so she tell me wont she send a ticket to my young missus, and so, who knows? I 'clar' ef the color aint come in your checks, a'ready."

It was early when Isadore entered the church. She was ushered to a seat quite near the temporary platform, and cold and feverish by turns, she sat awaiting the entrance of the speaker. Presently a general buzz attracted her attention. She looked up, her eyes were rivetted on him as though they had been chained there. It was Alfred Vernon, and on his arm hung an exquisitely beautiful young girl whom he ushered to a seat, then ascended the platform. Dizzy and sick, Isadore had not power to move, scarcely to think. She only shut her eyes and prayed for death. "It is then his wife," she thought. "O, what infatuation led me here?"

The church was crowded; it seemed as if a strange silence pervaded the assembly. Isadore dared to lift her glance in the direction of the speaker—heavens! he was white even to ghastliness; and his large, melting eyes were beat directly on her. The church grew dark again; and not till the soft, well-known voice of the speaker reached her ears through the mists and thrill of doubt and joy, did Isadore recover, and she was able to follow him through.

The lecture was ended. Isadore strove to hurry from her seat, but she could see Alfred break from proffered hands and almost noisy congratulation, leaving bride and all to attain himself in her way. They met; the grasp of his hand was tremulous; his lip ashy white; "where shall I call on you to-morrow?" he said, let me accompany you home."

"I thank you, she answered, proudly but sorrowfully, "there are those here who have a rightful claim on your services; my carriage is waiting for me;" and giving one stifled sob she could not wholly repress, she hurried from him, threw herself into the carriage, and burst into tears. He made as if he would follow her; then checking himself, turned back with flushed brow and sought the beautiful young English girl that was quietly waiting for him.

"You have not been well, this evening," she said affectionately, as he drew her arm within his.

"No, Loney, I felt ill when I commenced my lecture—but it wore away."

"What lovely creature was that, dressed in deep mourning, who sat opposite you?"

"You have heard me speak once of Isadore De Selda, dear Loney well, that was she;" he spoke so curtly that she was silent all the way home.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Vernon," said Isadore, drawing her form to its full height; "you forget that you have a wife."

"I a wife, Miss De Selda, you astonish me! I am not married my beloved Isadore, I am yours and only yours."

Slowly the truth of his assertion unfolded to her mind. She gave him both hands, and tears fell from her eyes, as she sobbed, "then I am yours also, if you can forgive me; for O, I have been very wicked."

All was at once explained. The storm that desolated Colonel de Selda's plantations, had nearly beggared Vernon. But by his genius, he was steadily retrieving his fortune. When he saw Isadore, his impression was that she was the widow of Leslie Danton; and the wild hope that her hand was free had nearly unmanned him. The English girl was his niece, the only child of his sister, who, with her husband, was travelling through the States.

Isadore was happy again, happy as the affianced wife of Alfred Vernon, but for the thought of poor Danton's loneliness. The day on which he had promised to meet her rolled round, and brought instead, a letter, full of love, written the night before with his own hands—he was dead!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE RIVER-SIDE.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

Up by the river-side,
Hear I a moaning,
Where low the willows bend
Over the stream;
Soft zephyrs dying.
Through the leaves sighing,
Is it a dream ?

There Dorothea lies;
Sweetly she sleepeth,
Where the sore heart-trial
Comes nevermore;
Peaceful she slumbers,
Ne'er the hour numbers,
Sorrow is o'er.

Fiercely may tempests rage,
Shaking the earth;
Kings of the forest fall
'Neath the rude blast;
Quiet she lieth,
To none replieth,
Hence she hath passed.

Oft the sun's golden ray,
Rosy in light,
Smileth above her mound,
Genial and warm;
Neither she heedeth,
Neither she needeth,
Sunshine or storm.

By the sweet river-side,
Hear I a moaning,
Where low the willows bend
Over the stream.
Zephyrs are sighing,
Zephyrs replying,
'Tis not a dream!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A SEARCH FOR PIRATES:
—OR,—
CAUGHT IN A SNUG PLACE.

FROM THE LOG OF AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

In the spring of 1831, I was stationed with one of the squadrons in the Indian Ocean. For a long while there had been a succession of daring piracies committed on our shipping, and we could neither overhaul the pirates nor get track of them. It got so at length, that it became really dangerous for a merchantman to attempt to enter or leave the Indian Ocean by the southern passage of Good Hope. Sometimes ships were merely robbed of their valuables, and on three occasions the whole crew had been murdered. Of course, the whole energy of our squadron was directed towards finding out these desperadoes and bringing them to justice. No less than fourteen ships had been overhauled by these pirates, and the East India Company had lost by them nearly a million pounds sterling, besides much more which had been lost by private individuals. They had several fast sailing vessels, and one of them was a staunch gun brig which they had captured from the Dutch in Ceylon.

It at length became evident that these pirates had their haunt somewhere among the Maldives. These are a cluster of islands extending from the equator northward, eight degrees, and their number is actually beyond compute. Over a surface of the Indian Ocean, extending nearly six hundred miles north and south, and from seventy-five to a hundred east and west, they are scattered like stars in the heavens. Our old admiral, Lovegood, gave me a fleet brig of eighteen guns, and sent me off to track them out; and after cruising off the islands for five weeks, I became satisfied that the pirates were housed somewhere in the most northerly group, but I knew 'twould be of no use for me to attempt to attack them with my present force, so I returned and made my report to the admiral, and my report was as follows:

The pirates had a strong hold somewhere in the group of the Attolon Tilla, and from their numbers and position, it would be madness to attack them until we could learn their exact situation. Some stratagem must be adopted to find them out.

The admiral spoke of the pirates and applied some very harsh epithets to them, and wound up by asking me if I had thought of any stratagem. I told him I had—that if he would give me the brig again to use as long as I wished, I would hunt them up. He gave the brig at once, and promised me all sorts of rewards if I succeeded in leading to their capture. Accordingly I took the brig and made sail once more for the Maldives, and I reached the group in question in just fourteen days. This northerly cluster is of an oblong shape, the islands forming a ring lengthened towards the poles, of about one hundred miles in diameter the longest way. Directly in the centre of this group stand a half-dozen small islands, and it was towards these latter that my suspicions were turned. I cast anchor in a little secluded bay at the extreme north of the cluster, where I had reason to believe the pirates would have no occasion to come. My plan was now to go alone. My men urged me strongly to take some one with me, but I told them that one man would be more safe than a dozen, for he would not be so likely to excite suspicion, and so far as danger from the pirates was concerned, even a hundred men might be of no avail in defence.

After I had seen all right on board the brig, I donned a suit of rough, well-worn sailor's clothes and begrimmed my hands with tar and dirt. I had got the old fleet surgeon to mix up for me the most powerful sleeping portion he could concoct, and this he had done in a powder. This I had safely tied up in a piece of oiled silk, and having secured it about my person, and taken a pair of trusty pistols, and a good long knife, I was ready to set out upon my adventure. I gave orders to my lieutenant to remain in the bay until I returned, if possible; but that if he had to leave the place from any emergency, he must hover near it occasionally so as to be ready to take me off when I returned. I took a common merchant brig's boat, which I had brought with me for the purpose, and having taken a pair of oars, a sail, a compass, and some bread and water, I set out.

It was quite early in the morning when I left the brig. The wind was fair, and when I had spread my sail, I sped along quite comfortably, taking a south westerly course. At three o'clock in the afternoon I landed upon one of the islands in the centre of the group, and having satisfied myself that there were no human beings about, went up towards the interior. I found this island to be not much over a mile in diameter, and from a tree I climbed, I could see the other islands. One of them which lay to the south-east was ragged and rocky, and I was sure that I saw a boat hauled up among the bushes on a point upon the western side. I went again to my boat, and made sail for this island, and when I reached it I hauled my boat up on to the sand in a small cove, and then set out on foot. Having followed the sea-shore for a distance of two miles, I came to a bluff of rocks that extended half a mile into the sea, and beyond which I could not pass. I looked to see if there was not some point where I could climb over them, but I could find none. They presented to me a perpendicular surface of some one to two hundred feet high, and all thoughts of surmounting them were of course given up. So I turned back towards my boat, and several times I turned up into the island, but on each occasion I found that all progress inward was cut off—sometimes by bluffs and crags, and at others by deep chasms and ravines. The island presented every appearance thus far of having been thrown up by some tremendous volcanic power.

That night I was forced to sleep on board my boat, and on the next morning I set out again. This time I took my way to the eastward, and having travelled some four miles, came to a point where the rocks arose to an enormous height, and made out into the sea with a curve which carried them beyond my sight. I set back once more, and made some half dozen attempts to make my way up into the island, but with no better success than before. I had now made up my mind to take to my boat once more, and sail around one of the bluffs, and with this intention I hurried on, but my plan was knocked in the head by a very simple circumstance. When I came in sight of my boat, I found it surrounded by a dozen men, most of whom were habited in European costume. I hesitated at first, but I knew that I had got to meet some one if I would ever perform my mission, and I went forward. When the men saw me they seemed to experience no surprise, nor anything save a natural curiosity. They were all armed, and I found them to be mostly Dutch and English, some of whom I afterwards learned had escaped from the colony of convicts at Sydney Cove. They asked me where I came from, and numerous other questions, all of which I answered by informing them that I had belonged on board a brig which had foundered at sea, and that I was the only one of the crew which had been saved. They asked me how I happened to have found my way so far north. I at first pretended to be afraid to tell them. Then I pretended to guess at their own occupation, and finished by confessing that I was one of a number that had seized the brig with the intention of turning her into a pirate, if we could find men enough.

The Englishmen gazed at me for a while, and then they whispered apart. After this they asked me if I had the courage to join the most powerful band of buccaneers in the world. I told them nothing could give me more pleasure.

"Well," said one of them, a tall, stout, savage-looking fellow, "you shall go with us, and if you prove false, why, you'll catch it."

"Try me," said I.

"We will," he returned.

Thereupon they put two Arabs into the boat, and having directed them to "bring it round," they bade me follow them. They followed the shore for about half a mile to the westward, and here they turned up into one of the very places I had tried the day before. Soon we came to a perpendicular wall of rock where I had given up the path, but my guides turned into a narrow passage between two rocks, and at the distance of some two or three rods, we came to a thick clump of trees, about the trunks of which a kind of thorny shrub grew so thickly as to defy human passage, but my guides found a circuitous path through them, and when we had passed through this copse, I found myself in a narrow aisle between two immense walls of solid rock, and which had been wholly hidden by the trees. Having passed through this, we descended into a deep ravine, which we followed to the eastward for nearly a mile, and when we emerged from this I was completely astounded by the scene that opened to my gaze. Before me lay a sloping vale of green grass and flowery shrubs, with a crescent-shaped shore of some mile and a half in extent upon the inner side, while all about, upon the outside, arose a towering wall of rocks. Behind me the rocks were piled up into mountains, and from thence the wall ran out upon either hand, reaching out into the sea, and enclosing a surface of water of some three to four square miles. This wall of rock, be it understood, presented no break to the eye seaward, but seemed to shut the bay before me in like a lake, and the wall was so high that even a heavy ship might have ridden at anchor in the harbor, and her royal-mast-head could not have been seen from the outside. I looked sharply to see if I could not detect some place in the wall where the outlet was, but I could not see it But I knew there was an outlet somewhere, for within the basin before me lay no less than six vessels at anchor, three brigs, one schooner, and two polacca built crafts of smaller proportions. Upon the shore were erected some twenty huts, some of them of boughs, and some of old sails, and scattered about at various points were small knots of men and native women, engaged in sport and carousal.

We descended towards one of the larger of the canvass huts, and when we reached it, I was bidden to wait outside, while one of my guides went in. In about ten minutes he returned, and told me to follow him. I found the interior of the hut to be well furnished, and upon a sort of divan on one side, sat a man somewhere about forty years of age. He was an Englishman, stout and powerful in frame, with a heavy beard, and dressed in a habit about half English and half Turkish, with a heavy golden epaulette upon each shoulder. The moment I heard that man speak, I knew him, though I was confident he did not recognize me. I knew him for a smuggler that my crew had captured eleven years before on the coast of Northumberland, and who had been transported to the convict colony of New South Wales.

He was the generalissimo of the pirates. He received me very graciously, and made me tell my story over again. I told it to him as I had to the others, save that this time I owned up to the killing of the captain and one mate.

He asked me if I would join with them, and I told him yes. He next asked me many questions about affairs in England, and wound up by directing one of his men to take me to the tent of the quarter-master, who would give me my number and station. From this I saw that every thing was conducted upon the most thorough system, and I soon found that this commander had a perfect control over his men.

The quarter-master, whom I found to be an Englishman, gave me the number, "338." I asked him if they had that number of men, and he said they had. I was placed for the while in one of the canvass tents, with some of the men whom I had found at my boat. About sundown I saw my boat with the two Arabs in it, pulling in towards the shore, but I did not see how, or at what point they came into the basin. My attention was next turned towards a large hut which stood close to a spring of clear fresh water, and this I found to be the cook-house. I took the liberty to visit it, and found that two large ships' boilers were set there, and that all the cooking for the pirates on shore was done here. Now they were only making tea and coffee, and shortly afterwards a man came from each of the huts, and got a pailful of the tea, and one of the coffee, and having carried these to their respective places, the men and women all commenced their suppers.

At about nine o'clock, while I stood just in front of my tent, the commander in-chief, accompanied by half a dozen men, came up and seized me by the arm, and on the next moment six pistols were presented to my breast.

"Ha, villain!" exclaimed the commander, in quick, savage tones, "we've discovered you! Did you think we should not know you?"

For a single instant a sense of fear shot through my mind, but very quickly an idea of the truth flashed upon me. It was surely Providence that inspired me with the thought, for every look of the men about me, seemed to indicate that my death was sure. The thought flashed like lightning upon me that they only meant to try me—that all this was simply to see if I would betray any signs of fear, so my answer was ready.

"Hold one moment, I said. "When I freely told you my story, I knew not that you would take advantage of the confidence I reposed in you. Do you mean to punish me for turning pirate?"

"No," said the chief. "We mean to kill you for a spy."

"A spy? Do you mean as one come to betray you?"

"Yes."

I laughed right out; and when I had laughed as much as I thought would be safe, I said:

"But upon my soul you have a keen scent. Will you be so good as to point out some way in which I am to betray you?"

"By doing as you have already planned. Are you not an English officer?"

Again there came a shoot of fear that I was really discovered, but I did not show it. I still believed they only guessed at this for the purpose of putting me to the test.

"I was an English officer," I replied. "Two years ago, I was captain of a Cornwall smuggler, and since that time I have been second mate of an Indiaman brig. I only helped kill the captain and mate, and then lost all my pains by losing the prize. Now shoot me as quickly as you please. I had as lief die here as to be hung in England."

"I guess he'll do," said the chief, "turning to his men, and at the same time letting go my arm.

"Yes," said all the rest, in unison, and then the chieftain complimented me upon my coolness and bravery, and informed me that thereafter I might consider myself safe, unless they detected something in me out of the way, but at the same time intimating that I should be pretty closely watched.

The remainder of the night I passed in peace, and on the following morning I found breakfast ready when I awoke. At noon the dinner consisted of soup that was made in the great boilers before alluded to, and I soon found that all shared alike. During the day I learned that the three brigs had lately come in, the last one having arrived the day before I came, and that they had all come richly laden. The business of unloading was now going on, and I was made to assist.

I saw that my every movement was watched—that even the women had their orders to keep an eye upon me, and I made myself as light and cheerful as possible. On board the brig which we were then unloading, I found bales of fine stuffs which I knew must come from a homeward-bound ship, and I saw numerous boxes and bags which I knew to contain money.

This was Wednesday, and that night, when supper was ready, I saw some of the men rolling two large pipes out from a tent adjoining that of the chieftain. They were rolled to a spot in the centre of the settlement, and then the cooks went and filled their pails with wine instead of tea and coffee. That night I saw such a scene of drunkenness and debauch as I hope I may never see again. The men on board the vessels in the basin came on shore and joined in it, only twenty-four of the whole troop being placed on an allowance.

This was explained to me. The chief had established a code of laws for the government of his band, and among them was a provision guarding against too frequent intoxication. Half a pint of spirit was served out every day, to each man and woman, but on Wednesday and Sundays all hands were allowed to have a carousal and drink to their hearts' content, and drunkenness at any other time was severely punished. But even on these occasions twenty-four men were set apart as sentinels and guardians, and confined to a pint of wine in addition to the other allowance of spirit, and for one of them to get intoxicated was certain death. This arrangement I saw was going to afford me the only opportunity of success I could possibly have found.

On the next morning all was sober again, the morning's allowance of spirit serving to revive those who felt the result of the debauch. My greatest desire now was to find the outlet to the harbor, and in this I was gratified, though not until Saturday. On that day two boats were sent out to collect shell-fish for the Sunday's dinner, and by much careful persuasion I obtained the privilege of accompanying the party. It was towards the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and in half an hour we reached a point where the rock opened in an oblique direction, affording a passage not far from forty yards wide, which ran at such an angle that at a cable's length distance on either side, it seemed to be only a simple irregularity in the face of the rock. But this was not the only protection, for outside the passage I found the sea for a considerable distance on every hand broken by rocks, so that no vessel would ever have thought of venturing near the spot. I examined the whole coast thoroughly, and made myself sure of the bearings of the narrow points I would be guided by in approaching the island. Surely this was a wonderful place, and it did seem as though Nature meant it for the use of those who had need of concealment, for all the vessels in the world might have sailed in turn around that island, and never have dreamed of the haven that was hidden within.

We caught our shell-fish, and in due time returned. The rest of the day I watched the house where the wine was stored with nervous anxiety, for I knew that I should never get away from that place alone, except by the most successful stratagem, for I was still watched narrowly.

Saturday night came, and the moon was bright. I retired to my tent. I heard the guard relieved at midnight. I went to the door and looked out, and the moon wanted yet an hour of setting. One of the men in my tent was to go on post at two o'clock. I asked him where? He said, "At the wine-house." A gleam of light shot athwart my path. As soon as all was still I softly arose and found my companions asleep. Upon a bench stood one of the pails half full of cold tea. I was sure my tent-mate would take a drink of that before he went on post. I arose and went into the moonlight and opened my packet of opiate, and having taken out a small pinch between my thumb and finger I went and dropped it into the drinking-cup. I was not mistaken. At two o'clock the sergeant came and called my companion. He arose and dressed himself, and then went to the pail. He dipped up a cupful and drank, and then went his way.

I knew the power of the opiate he had taken, and in one hour afterwards I arose. I first rinsed out the cup, and then sallied forth. The moon was down, and it was now very dark. I made my way to the wine-house, and there I found the guard fast asleep against the door. I went around to the back side, and by dint of much exertion I worked my way under the canvass. I set fire to some tinder by placing it in the pan of a pistol—then I lighted a match—and then a tallow candle, and this I was careful to keep shaded towards the front of the place. The two pipes, or casks, which were for the morrow's debauch, were already selected, and I had no difficulty in determining which they were. With my knife I managed to get the bungs out, and then I poured my opiate into them—half into each. There was nearly a quart of the powder, and the old surgeon had assured me that there was enough to settle a thousand men. After this I replaced the bungs as tightly as I could, which I did by rolling up my handkerchief and pounding upon that.

When I had got clear of the place, I went around and gave the sentinel a kick that tumbled him heels over head, and when I had got away at a short distance I could see that he was just staggering to his feet. He must have waked up then, for I heard nothing on the next morning of his having slept.

Sunday came, and it was most surely an anxious day for me, yet I kept my anxiety to myself. On the next morning two of the brigs were to sail on another cruise, and the work of the day went on briskly until they were all ready for weighing anchor. At four o'clock the wine-house was opened, and the two casks were rolled out. They were the ones I had fixed. My heart beat quickly then, but not with fear. I saw those casks rolled over and over, and I knew that the opiate was becoming thoroughly mixed up with the wine.

In due time the men began to drink, and I saw the chieftain come out and take his turn with the rest. The pipes were filled and smoked, and the song and fun commenced. At eight o'clock some of the men were asleep—at nine more than half had gone, and by midnight not a soul in that whole company, save myself, was awake. Even the four-and-twenty men whose turn had come to stand guard had succumbed to the potent power I had bestowed upon their wine. I had seen many of them try to overcome the spell that was upon them, but they could not do it. They seemed to feel that something unusual had happened, but their senses were too much blunted for reason.

My oars and sail were still in my boat, and I got it ready for putting to sea. I took a can of water and some bread, and then set out. I easily made my way outside, and there I found a fair breeze blowing. The moon had set, but the stars were out, and they were all I could have asked for. When the sun arose I was just entering the bay where I left my brig, and I found her there waiting for me. The men had all believed me to be dead or lost, but they were pleased enough when I told my story. As soon as my boat was got on board, I gave orders for getting up the anchor and making sail, and before noon we had left the Maldives out of sight astern.

In just one month from that time one frigate, one corvette, and my brig, were hove-to off the pirate's island. The crew of the corvette were stationed at the entrance to the secret passage on the western side, where I had made my entrance by land, and we of the brig and frigate took to our boats for the basin. It was early in the morning when we hove-to, and at seven o'clock our boats were manned. I led the way through the strange passage, and I was followed by nine boats, containing in all, five hundred men. We found in the harbor two brigs and the two polaccas. The brig nearest to us fired two shots, but they did us no harm. Had those two brigs been fully manned they might have harmed us much, and perhaps have sunk us; but they were not—they only had an "anchor watch" of four men to each vessel—and we reached the shore in safety. Not even a cannon was planted upon the shore, so we met the pirates hand to hand. They numbered then about two hundred men, and after fighting until half their number were dead they fled towards the ravine, we giving chase. But they did not escape, for upon the other side they were met by the crew of the corvette, and by noon we had fifty-seven of them as prisoners, and the rest were all dead. We took all the property of value we could find, and having stripped the vessels we burned them up. From the prisoners, we learned that there was one brig and one schooner out belonging to the pirates, and that was all, so I was left with my brig and one hundred and fifty men to wait for them.

After the frigate and corvette were gone, I sounded the way into the basin and ran the brig in. In seven days the schooner made her appearance and was easily captured, and in five days more the brig came. She got well into the basin before she detected us, and after a sharp conflict of half an hour we boarded her and her men surrendered. I lost only twenty one men.

Thus were the Maldive pirates annihilated, and once more our merchantmen traversed the Indian Ocean in safety. Four months afterwards, as I was sitting in the ward room one day, our steward came down and handed me a sealed packet. It bore the seal of the admiralty, and my hands trembled when I opened it. It was for me, and it was a captain's commission! Our good old admiral had not forgotten his promise.

KISSING AMONG THE FRENCH.

A sprightly, amusing American correspondent in Paris, thus describes the rage of kissing in "La Belle France:"

The almost universal custom of kissing in Paris seems at first very singular to a stranger coming from a country where the proprieties of life rarely permit you to take a lady's hand, much less salute her. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not at all intimate, on meeting her, is very common, especially is this the case if she be a married lady. Not only the members of the family, but all the guests, expect invariably to salute the ladies of the house on coming down in the morning. But though the modest American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony of ordinary occasions, yet on New Year's morning it is imperative. On that morning, I came down to my coffee about nine o'clock. I sat down quietly, bidding madame "bon jour," as on ordinary occasions. But I was not to get off so easily. In a few moments she was at my elbow with "Mons B., I am very angry with you." I expressed, of course, a regret and ignorance of having giving her any reason.

"Ah," said she, "you know very well the reason. It is because you did not embrace me when you came down this morning."

Madame was a lady of perhaps twenty-eight, with jet black, glossy hair, large lustrous black eyes, and a clear, fair complexion. She was very beautiful—had she been plain I should have felt embarrassed. She waited as though expecting me to atone for my neglect; but how could I before the whole table? I sat all this time trembling in my seat. At length madame said, "Mons. embrasez moi." The worst was come. I rose tremblingly, put my white bloodless lips, all greasy with butter and wet with coffee (for in my embarrassment, I had dropped my napkin), to those of madame. This was my first French kiss.—*Home Journal.*

COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES.

The Paris correspondent of a daily paper states that a gentleman living in Brussels, somewhat troubled by cobwebs and spots in his eyes, rubbed them one night with a few drops of extract of belladonna. In the morning the cobwebs had gone, but the whole outer face of the world had changed. His newspaper which had been placed by his bedside, was composed of type so small that he could hardly decipher it. He rang the bell, and his stout serving wench had shrunk into a thin little girl of ten years old. He got up in great fright, and looked after his clothing; they were the garments of a child, but as his own limbs had diminished in proportion, he easily got into them. He found his wife and children at the table, the former a dwarf, the latter a row of dolls. He hurried off to his physician; the horses he met looked like dogs, the dogs like rats. Everything was Lilliput and Cinderilla. Lotions were applied to the victim's eyes, and the next day Brobdignag returned, bringing back the cobwebs and spots.

CALIFORNIA AMUSEMENTS.

There is a little of everything in California. A Calaveras paper published the following advertisement: "A grand bull-fight, and a fight between a bear and a jackass, will take place on Sunday next, December 10th, at Mokelumne Hill. The proprietors regret that the exhibition last Sunday was not satisfactory to the public; but they pledge themselves, that on the coming occasion, they will give entire satisfaction. The performance will commence with a fight between two bulls; next, a woman will be introduced, who will fight with and kill one of the wildest bulls that can be obtained from the Posa da Ranch. The whole to conclude with a fight between a bear and a jackass. Doors open at twelve, and performance to commence at two o'clock P. M. Tickets, $1 50."—*Cal paper.*

TURNIP COFFEE.

There is in Berlin, Prussia, a large establishment for the manufacture of coffee from acorns and chickory, the articles being made separately from each other; the chickory is mixed with an equal weight of turnips, to render it sweeter. The acorn coffee, which is made from roasted and ground acorns, is sold in large quantities and frequently with rather a medicinal than an economical view, as it is thought to have a wholesome effect upon the blood, particularly of scrofulous persons.—*Boston Post.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

⁂ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Lucky Shot," a story by WILLIAM MACKINTIRE.
"Joe Gramett's Courtship," a tale by FREDERICK WARD.
"The Valentine, or Cousin Jenny's Beau," a story by BAXTER M. LEWIS.
"The Stolen Umbrella," a tale by PHILIP SMALL.
"Lucia La Moor, or The Artist's Inspiration," a story by FRANCIS M. CHESEBRO'.
"Lines to Mary," by HALCRO.
"Afar from thee," verses by MINA L. DONELSON.
"The Leaf is off the Tree," poem by W. L. SHOEMAKER.
"The Magic Name," lines by CHARLES SUTOR.
"The Past—the Present—the Future," by G. S. FRELIGH.
"Sonnet," by WM. R. LAWRENCE.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Voice of the Sea,," "A Valentine, "To Naomi," "The Minstrel's Song," "On the Death of a Friend," "Acrostic," "A Valentine," and "I may be happy yet."

THE PRESS.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, the poet, in one of his recent lectures, ran a tilt against the newspaper, just as Don Quixotte couched his lance against the wind-mill. He thought the tendency of newspaper reading, as newspapers are now conducted, was to crowd the mind with trifles, and weaken its power, and seemed to regret the days when books were rare, and newspapers almost unknown. By the aid of some humorous illustrations, he made a very strong *ex-parte* statement.

But grant that a couple of centuries back there were a few better scholars and sounder thinkers than any of the present, were the masses so well informed and so generally intelligent as at present? Of what avail were the profound thoughts and the wisdom of a few men, if knowledge travelled in a narrow circle? Is it not better that all men should know something, than that a few should be deeply read, and the masses remain ignorant? Hundreds of thousands who read the newspapers would read nothing else if newspapers were not published. From newspapers they acquire the habit of reading, which demands books; superficial books at first, and more solid ones afterwards. A true history of the book trade in this country would show that its first impulse was derived from the publication of newspapers. When the journals became cheap and universal, there was a demand for cheap books, which produced an abundant supply—ephemeral publications in pamphlet form, not susceptible of preservation, and, generally, not deserving it. But appetite grew by what it fed upon. The taste for reading had been created, and better and nicer books were required by the public. And if now standard works of history, theology, belle-lettres find a ready and extensive sale—if more copies of the great English works of the eighteenth century are sold here than in Great Britain, we may safely credit it to the account of the newspaper press.

Much that is trivial certainly finds its way into newspapers; but are not such trivialities the current coin of all society, whether newspaper reading or non-newspaper reading? The conversation of poets and philosophers themselves is rarely of a brilliant character. The literary lion is a very poor beast in company. Suppress our lightest newspapers, and you would find that quite as much time would be consumed in talking gossip, as is now spent in reading and writing. But no newspaper is made up entirely of dreadful accidents, runaways, elopements, and trivial occurrences. The poorest specimen discusses matters of high import to humanity—questions vitally affecting society, religion, ethics, the policy of nations, scientific discoveries, arts. Since, in this country the man who speaks through the press is always sure of a hearing, the brightest minds resort to it as a medium of communication with the popular mind. What is light and ephemeral in the press dies within the hour—what is worthy sinks into the public mind and there bears golden fruit. It will be an evil hour for the land when presses cease to operate. More than the liberties of the people—the development of their highest qualities—is linked with the existence of the newspaper press.

IDOL MAKING IN CHINA.—This is a great business, as the following card from one of the pig tailed manufacturers of false gods indicates: "—— I will execute to order idols from two feet to the size of a marmosset monkey, or the biggest and most hideous monster that can inspire the human mind with awe and reverence for religion. If the idol is the size of an ourang outang, the price will be $700; one of a sphinx size will be turned out for $400; one of the size of a bull dog, with horns and hump, $650; a buffalo size, $800; a dog size, $200; one the size of an ass, in the attitude of braying, $1000."

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.—Charles Dickens, as President of the Reading Institute, in which office he succeeded Talfourd, lately read his Christmas Carol to an audience of 3000 persons. It occupied over two hours. Charles is a smart boy, though he did write those "American notes."

IDA MAY.—This romance has been dramatized for the Buffalo stage by a son of Douglas Jerrold residing in Canada. It has been successful. The dramatists seem now to live upon the novelists.

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN!"—Mr. Tanner, a native Chippeway missionary, has been lecturing lately in Boston with good success. He is a genuine red man and well read.

UTAH.—The Mormons have a large army well drilled and equipped. Do they contemplate resisting our mutual uncle?

A WORD OF OURSELVES.

At no time since the establishment of the Flag of our Union, has its subscription list been so large, or its circulation so extended, as at the present writing. This is a source of high gratification to us in two points of view—first, because it shows us that the peculiar and original manner of conducting the paper is appreciated by the public, and second, because in a business and pecuniary point of view, we are completely successful. We need hardly tell the subscribers of our paper, that it is almost *entirely original*—this its own pages show at each issue; nor need we refer particularly to the fact, that it is always printed on a fine and superior quality of paper—this is also constantly apparent to the most casual observer.

We may be excused for referring to the character of our articles, being from the best pens that are employed in the field of literature. Of course, the services of such a corps of contributors is not obtained without great outlay and expense, but this is cheerfully met, because the public cordially approve our course and patronize the paper most liberally. By adopting a different course, printing the Flag on common paper, and making up its matter by scissorizing from our cotemporaries, reprinting old and hackneyed stories and sketches, and filling the columns with second-rate articles, from young and inexperienced contributors, we could get it up weekly for about half the present cost. But would the readers of our paper be satisfied with this? No!

The Flag has always stood at the head of its class of weekly papers; it was the earliest in the field, being now in its *tenth year;* it has by far the largest circulation of any weekly literary paper in this country, except Ballou's Pictorial, and this, too, simply by its own merit and intrinsic value. These are simple facts that we like to have our army of subscribers know and realize, while we assure them that each successive month shall add to this value, and increase the interest of the paper, the same liberal policy being constantly pursued.

It is also a very pleasant fact for us, in connection with our other enterprise, the Pictorial, to know and be able to say that two-thirds of those who take the Flag, are also subscribers for Ballou's Pictorial, the two being sent to one address for *four dollars.* We need hardly take time or room in this place to refer to our illumined journal; the entire press of the country has done it, and is doing this for us in terms the most flattering, until the unequalled success which has greeted it has enabled us to produce a journal which we believe has no equal of its kind in the world.

As the two papers are entirely distinct from each other—not a line that appears in one being introduced into the other,—those who possess them both have two papers that cover the entire field of news and literature. The one a complete literary and miscellaneous newspaper, the other an illumined journal of the times, past and present, with eight super-royal octavo pages of engravings in each number, and as many more closely and elegantly-printed pages of original literary matter. The homes, therefore, to which these journals are weekly visitors, cannot be deficient in a knowledge of all such current events, in either hemisphere, as are worthy of record, or interesting as the topics of the day.

CHARITY IN BROOKLYN, L. I.

Among the good deeds of this flourishing city, we notice that a Soup House Association has been formed there. Hon. George Hall, President; Ex-Alderman Wm. M. Harris, and Ex-Mayor Conklin Brush, Vice Presidents; John J. Studwell, Treasurer. The report of their doings for a single week shows that they have supplied fifteen hundred adults and two thousand four hundred and thirty-five children with good and wholesome food. The soup house is established at the Military Garden, on Fulton Street, and is visited by many persons curious to witness its operation. The "City of Churches" is second to none in true benevolence.

VISITING CARDS.—The latest Parisian notion is the substitution of one's photograph for his autograph on his visiting card. They are done very cheap. So that you not only know that your friend has called, but just how he is looking, without the trouble of inquiring. The cards *pour prendre conge*—to take leave, have the portrait framed in the representation of a car or coach window, to show that the original is on the wing.

MEDIATION.—The London Daily News thinks the project of American mediation originated with that party in England opposed to the government, and in favor of Russia. Some of the papers abuse us for thinking of attempting to bring about a peace. Paul Pry was wise when he resolved never to do another good-natured action again as long as he lived.

PROOF OF INSANITY.—A man named Brown, was lately tried before a sheriff's jury in New York State, to try the question of his sanity. The charge of *non compos* rested on the fact that "he had spoken of his shoulder blade being out of place in the presence of ladies." What next?

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—King Kamahehama—that is something near his name—is dead. He was a royal loafer, and hanger-on about grogshops. The price of liquor will probably recede in consequence of his decease.

MAKING MEN LOOK LIKE MONKEYS.—The French tailors are doing up their customers in blue cloth coats lined with white silk and trimmed with fancy gilt buttons, with vests of pink or blue silk.

SCHAMYL.—A hint is thrown out in the English papers that this Circassian hero is a myth—a nobody. At any rate he has been nowhere for sometime.

IMPORTS.—The imports of foreign dry goods are falling off heavily—last month about fifty per cent. People are getting sick of over trading.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A person has been detected in forging soup tickets for the public garden in Boston.

A mine of tin has been discovered in Georgia. Every one "short of tin" will be glad to hear it.

John Stetson, Jr., challenges any man in America, to run a two mile foot race with him.

Lieut. Hunter is said to have been dismissed from the navy for leaving Brazil without orders.

The Hoosac tunnel is to be completed in seven years. It is the greatest bore of the age.

Emerson says Americans would sail in steamboats of Lucifer matches, could they go fast enough.

They are shipping green peas from Florida to New York—price $27 a barrel.

On the Rock Island Railroad out west, snow has lain forty feet deep this season.

Hon. John P. Bigelow has been unanimously elected as trustee of the public library. Right.

The Cumberland Coal companies have discovered a deep bed of iron on their mining lands.

The New York Herald advertises the uncalled for post-office letters.

The blackguards in New York are instituting cock-fighting. Steel gaffs are used on the birds.

There is a barn in Great Barrington that cost $40,000. The cattle are lodged like princes.

Uncle Sam wont have the Gallipagos Islands. Cause why—no guano there.

A man in Brooklyn advertises an unlicensed tavern for sale, that takes from 10 to 20cts. a day.

"Q," the author of that smart book, "You have heard of them," is Mr. Rosenburg.

The angel Gabriel has blown his horn "positively for the last time" in this country.

AMERICAN ART.

Jacob Foss, Esq., of Charlestown, having started a subscription for a picture of General Jackson for the city hall in Charlestown, engaged Mr. A. G. Hoit to paint it. Old Hickory is represented at full length, standing in front of a spirited charger, with his drawn sword in his hand, the tide of battle dark rolling in the background. Mr. Hoit is a well-educated artist.

Wm. R. Barbee of Virginia, who, without instruction modelled a statue of Psyche, is now in Florence. He has nearly completed a statue called the "Coquette" which he has sold in advance for $5000, and which is to be exhibited in this country before being sent to the Paris Exhibition. The Boston Post gives us the following inkling of the idea:

"The design of Mr. Barbee's 'Coquette,' which is both new and nude, is to illustrate the art and heartlessness of that sort of feminine. She is five feet one inch high, slight and gracefully rounded. The weight of the body rests on the left leg, the right being bent, and the foot thrown outwards. The left arm is carved upwards from the shoulder to the wrist, the hand holding a heart, near to which the right hand presents the point of an arrow, as about to lacerate it. The head is affectedly turned towards the left hand, the eyes resting upon the heart, while the face is beaming with smiles, yet bearing an expression of mischief. The position of the arms, of course, leaves the person carelessly exposed, the design in this being to illustrate the wanton use of female charms for a heartless purpose. The figure is supported by an ornamented quiver hung upon a hawthorn stump, while about the feet some scattered thorns anticipate the retributive future."

We like the design, as far as we can judge of it in print, with the exception of that heart and arrow. If the action and expression of the figure are forcible, the allegorical emblems are superfluous; if not, the work cannot be of a high order. But "we shall see." We gladly welcome any addition to the list of American sculptors.

MUSICAL.—A German opera company is performing in New York. Spontini's "Vestal" has been produced by the French opera troupe in New Orleans. Madame Laborde, so popular in this country, has been singing at Marseilles—France. The Mlle. Nau opera troupe have been performing in Charleston, S. C. The libretto of Verdi's new opera, the Troubadour, produced lately in Rome and Paris, is a farrago of horrors in the worst French taste. The plot of the "Muleteer," another opera lately produced, is quite as absurd but not so sanguinary. It is a comic opera.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—We have heard of brainless boobies who inherited wealth using hundred dollar bills for gun-wadding. An English ambassador at Paris, once gave a dinner at which there was a dish of peas that cost five guineas. The Russian ambassador who was present returned the invitation a day or two after—and the Englishman as he passed through the courtyard of the Muscovite saw a servant feeding a pailful of peas to a cow.

SHAD.—The shad are coming north again, having reached Portsmouth, Va. Captain Basil Hall said it was worth the voyage to America, to eat boiled shad. A delicious fish; no bones in them—of course.

HARD.—Speaking of the police in New York, a writer says he remembers the time when he hardly knew whether it was safer to be at the mercy of the thieves or the city police. Had he tried both?

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.—There is enough wit and humor in the States to fill two or three papers like Punch, but the difficulty is to concentrate the comic talent. The country is too large for it.

HORSE STEAKS.—The French Zouaves cut stakes from the horses that are killed in the Crimea. We have heard of stakes on the race course—but never imagined they were eaten.

IMPORTANT.—Juan Pages has been found guilty of manslaughter at New Orleans for killing his antagonist in a duel. The first conviction for a similar offence in Louisiana.

PACIFIC.—Gen. Houston is down on duelling—he will not fight even if politely urged to partake of pistols and coffee.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Nellie and her Little Brother," a tale by MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.
"Alexandria as it is," a sketch by REV. F. W. HOLLAND.
"Hirihiqua, a tale of the Land of Flowers," by BEN PERLEY POORE.
"A Shadow on the Sill," a poem by GEORGE W. DEWEY.
"Twilight," verses by WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.
"To Jennie," stanzas by MATURIN M. BALLOU.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

An armorial representation of Florida, the land of Flowers.
A large picture for the juveniles, entitled The Holiday.
View of Raby Castle, Durham, England.
Representation of Thomastown Castle, Ireland, the birthplace of Father Mathew.
Picture of Walmer Castle, Kent, England.
Six characteristic views of the Whaling business; giving first, the Chase; second, Lowering the Boats; third, Laying on; fourth, The Flurry; fifth, Cutting in; and sixth, Trying out.
Portrait of Col. Alvin Adams, the well-known head of Adams Express.
View of Memphis, Tennessee.
Picture of the Episcopal Church at Brookline, Mass.
View of Christ Church, Salem Street, Boston.
An engraving of Parker's New Marble Building, School Street, Boston.
View of the Water-Works at Paris, on the river Seine.

⁂ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

More than 19,000 persons are under restraint as lunatics in England and Wales.

It is said that the Russian war has already made eleven thousand widows in England.

Queen Pomare, of Otaheite, announces that she intends visiting the great exhibition at Paris in May next.

The "Orphan of Lowood" ("Jane Eyre" dramatised) has become a stock play on the German stage.

In the communal schools for girls, Paris, the ordinary studies are suspended, and the pupils are engaged in making lint.

A terrible storm has raged along the African coast. About forty vessels, mostly laden with wine, were ashore.

The theatres at Verona and Brescia have been closed on account of disturbances having taken place during the performances.

A tribute has been paid to art in appointing Professor Kiss (the sculptor of the "Amazon") President of the Society for the Advance of Art.

The number of men who, up to the present moment, have sailed from France and Algeria for the seat of war in the East, amounts to 118,000.

The want of rain is much felt all over England. A large number of corn and paper mills in the south have been stopped for some time on account of the drought.

A terrible inundation of the Elbe occurred on the 2d ult. The damage done at Hamburg is estimated at four millions of marks. In Hanover, much damage to property was done.

During the last days of November, the cholera was terrible at Athens,—more than forty deaths daily. Among the earlier victims was Madame Bozzaris, widow of Marco Bozzaris.

Austria continues her preparations for war. We learn from Cracow that the whole line of Gallicia along the Russian frontier, at present, resembles a rampart formed by troops and stores.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The mind makes all the beauty on earth, as the sun all in the heavens.

'Tis no more in our power to love always, than not to love at all.

Labor is a school of benevolence as well as justice. Next unto virtue, let children be trained to industry.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

When we record our angry feelings, let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.

Handsome features alone are as incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is capable of expressing wit.

Fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face and make its decay invisible.

A man of genius, by too much dividing his attention, becomes diamond dust, instead of remaining a diamond.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of spring.

Napoleon is said to have remarked of physicians, whom he found to be materialists: "They do not believe that a man has a soul, because they cannot find it with their dissecting knife."

It was one of the brilliant sayings of Madame De Staël, that "to England, God had given the empire of the sea; to France the empire of the land; and to Germany the kingdom of the air."

The purest and tenderest love is unfortunately lavished on us at a time when we do not appreciate it. It is only late in life, when we see the love of other parents for their children, that we begin to reflect that we must have been equally loved ourselves.

Joker's Budget.

Q. What bar is that which often opens, but never shuts?—A. A crow-bar.

The fellow who was requested to "foot up," did so by standing upon his head.

"You can't pull wool over dis chile's eyes!" as the negro said when he had his head shaved.

The N. Y. Mirror is anxious that Chevalier Wikoff and Fanny Fern should get up a "courtship."

In spite of the exhortations of all the feminine orators, all women are more or less addicted to their glass.

There are two things, which everybody thinks he can do till he has tried—drive a gig, and write a leading article.

A wag went into a turner's shop, the other day, and asked him to turn out a joke. He refused, and turned the joker out instead.

Mr. Smikes says, desperate diseases require desperate remedies; and that is the reason why he got married when he was in love.

Dev. says there is no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, because every shoe is *soled* before it can be got ready for the market.

"Now, then, Thomas, what are you burning off my writing-table?" said an author to his servant. "Only the paper that's written all over; I haven't touched the clean," was the reply.

"See here, Gripps—I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it." "Well, yes—I know very well how to cure them; but the trouble with me, just now, is to find out a way to procure them!"

Quill and Scissors.

Old folks' concerts are becoming quite frequent in New England. In Portsmouth, Exeter, and other places of New Hampshire, crowds of people have of late been drawn together to listen to the singing of the sacred tunes of fifty years ago.

Mr. Daniel Tracy, brother of the representative in Congress of that name from Vermont, fell into a soap boiler, at Columbus, Ohio, and was scalded so badly as to cause his death soon after.

In the counties of Sonora and San Francisco, California, five hundred murders have been committed in the last five years. One man was hung in the former county and two in the latter under judicial sentences.

Mr. Gray, of Albany, has invented a corrugated sounding-board for the piano, which it is claimed adds fifty per cent. to its power, and makes an ordinary seven octave instrument equal in volume to a grand piano.

Mr. Geo. W. Curtis, in a lecture at New York, spoke of those pious people who clasped their hands so tight in prayer that they could not open them when the contribution box came round.

A commission established at Bordeaux on the malady in the vines, reports that the disease was less intense in 1854 than in 1853, and that it appears to have entered on its period of decline.

The Bangor Journal says it is estimated that about one fourth of the usual lumbering business is doing this winter. Men that have heretofore received $26 per month, get about $13.

The Norfolk Beacon states that there is a great want of vessels at that port, and that upwards of 10,000 bushels of corn went to Baltimore last week for want of vessels in which to ship it.

A letter from Marseilles says that orders have been sent to this country for 16,000 puncheons of rum, which, at the present prices, nets sixty cents a gallon there.

A lump of crystalized sugar, exposed to the sun's rays, shows the same brilliant hues if immediately afterward placed in the dark, as a diamond.

The subject of drainage now engages public attention in Chicago. The site of the city is so flat and low that water drains in instead of out.

In the suit of Daniel Webster against the city of New Orleans, claiming $50,000 for professional services in the Gaines case, the jury were unable to agree.

The Delaware Indians, who hold 1,800,000 acres of the best land in Kansas territory, have sold three quarters of their possessions to speculators for $10,000; less than one cent per acre.

By the latest accounts from the Sandwich Islands, it appears that the English are doing all they can to frighten the people out of the idea of annexation to the United States.

The Kensington Rolling Mill, the Pennsylvania Forge, the Novelty Works, and several glass houses in Pittsburg, have resumed operations again.

The railroad from Toronto, on Lake Ontario, to Collingwood, near the head of Georgia Bay, Huron, is completed.

Ira Hart has completed his suspension bridge across Elk River, at Sutton, Braxson county, Va. This bridge is 460 feet long.

Solomon W. Jewett, of Weybridge, Vermont, has sold, during the present year $28,000 worth of blooded cattle.

Couriers sleep on horseback, a cabman will drive while sleeping, and the exhausted soldier may fall asleep and still march on.

The eagle of the French standard has the wings folded. An eagle with the wings outspread is the military emblem of the United States.

Madame Le Vert, of Mobile, has recently received a letter from Miss Frederika Bremer, who has been seriously ill.

Five bears were recently killed by a party of hunters, in Hopkins county, Texas. One of the bears weighed 600 pounds.

An interior paper in California publishes the marriage of Mr. Ang Yo and Miss Ang Yu, and adds, "Chinese papers please copy."

The German emigrants alone bring into the United States about $11,000,000 annually.

Henry Willard has leased the Howard Athenæum for four years.

The Arctic and Ochotsk seas are reported to be giving out as whaling grounds.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Phineas Stowe, Mr. George W. Fuller to Miss Sarah E. Mills.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Peter Lane to Miss Anna (Holt) Miller, both of Perham's Opera Troupe.
By Rev. Mr. Renouf, Mr. William McNott to Miss Mary Welch.
By Rev. A. A. Miner, John Whitney, Esq., to Miss Mary A. E. Sargent.
At Charlestown, by Rev. H. Hutchins, Mr. Shubael C. Kimball to Miss Catharine Hobbs.
At Plymouth, Mr. William G. S. Wells to Miss Abby P. Dinman.
At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Francis Parry to Miss Ann Taylor.
At Dracut, by Rev. Joseph Merrill, Mr. William A. Thompson to Miss Nancy B. Richardson.
At Lee, by Rev. Amory Gale, Mr. John Reed to Miss Sarah L. Johnson.
At North Adams, by Rev. P. R. Stover, Mr. Charles Jenks to Miss Matilda Bradley.
At Concord, N. H. Mr. George E. Jenks, to Miss E. J. Grover.
At New York, Mr. Stephen C. Lynes to Miss Caroline S. Rowland.
At Methuen, Mr. William Teal to Miss Esther W. Richardson.
At Providence, R. I., Mr. Alfred H. Brown to Miss Ann E. Eaton.
At Richmond, Va., Rev. Henry M. Parsons to Miss Lizzie Dudley.
At San Antonio, Texas, Capt. B. H. Arthur to Miss Cornelia Morris.
At Sacramento City, Mr. Charles E. Hinckley to Miss Emily M. Morse.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Levi Ruggles, 75; Dr. Zabdiel B. Adams, 62.
At Roxbury, Mr. James Hammett, 49.
At South Boston, Miss Elizabeth Hill, 57.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Ruth, wife of the late Captain John Skinner, 84.
At Brighton, Clarisa P., daughter of Mr. Stephen Kimball, 6 years.
At West Newton, Mrs. Sarah A., wife of M. Johnson, Esq., 24.
At Hingham, Mr. Luther J. Barnus, 56.
At Lynn, Mrs. Sally, widow of the late James Wilson, 83.
At Salem, Mrs. Catharine Hogan, wife of Mr. John Hogan, 40.
At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph Randall, 38.
At Danvers, Miss Martha M. Floyd, 21.
At Essex, Mr. Epes Story, 62.
At Leominster, Mr. Silas Hill, 94.
At Portland, Mr. Benjamin Graffam, 38.
At Westport, Miss Lovina Lake, 63.
At Nantucket, Captain John Gardner, 77.
At Sunderland, Mr. William Delano, 85.
At Clarksburg, Mr. David Ketchum, 90.
At Belfast, Me., Mrs. Talfourd Durham, 97.
At Saco, Mrs. Charles Fogg.
At Biddeford, Gen. George A. Warren, 43.
At Willimantic, Ct., Mr. John Lillie, 64.
At New York, Mrs. Ann Lansing, wife of Hon. Jacob S. Miller, M. D.
At Elizabethtown, N. J., Rev. John H. Waterbury, 52.
At Chesterfield, Ill., Mrs. Laurinda W., wife of Mr. Joshua E. Goodell, 45.
At sea, Mrs. Maria E., wife of Capt. Charles E. Bishop.
At Calcutta, on board ship Polynesia, George Edward Emmes of Charlestown, 18.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FOUNT OF REST.

BY ANNA M. BATES

O sleeps the fount of rest
Where blue wood violets grow,
And o'er its placid bosom
Do the winds of summer blow?
Do low leaf whispers mingle,
With bird-song on the air,
Where the spirit, like a hunted fawn,
May turn in its despair?

Say, sleeps the fount of rest,
In some haunt both dim and deep,
Where the fitful shadows linger,
Or the golden sunbeams creep?
Is it along a rosied path,
Or through a cypress bower?
The pitying soul in calmness,
Doth seek its peaceful dower?

O, I fancy that it shines
Where the round, pale moon looks down,
And the south wind shakes the pines,
Which the rays of silver crown;
And many sad, sad pilgrims,
With earthly care oppressed,
Go through the soft, dim twilight,
To seek the fount of rest.

Sleep still amid the violets,
O fount! and let us turn
When, girdling round a band of fire,
The cares of earth-life burn!
Yet, in thy wave we would not steep
Glad childhood's joy and tears;
Only the bitter cares that creep
With our maturer years!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LADY EDITH.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

The castle where the Duke of Norfolk resided during the summer months, stood on the brow of a hill, overlooking a princely expanse of fertile growth. It was a pile of massive masonry, with moats, ramparts, and bastions, once constituting an almost impregnable defence. From the highest tower a flag, bearing the Norfolk arms, rippled silkily down in the idle winds, and the more modern portion was gay with casements thrown open upon a flowery lawn, with vases of exotics upon the terraces, white garden statues, glittering fountains, and the pleasant music of a virginal flung from within, on that summer afternoon. The Spanish ambassador and suite were entertained by the duke.

The Lady Edith, a pretty child of about ten years, had been brought down, with liberty from study and rule, to receive the visit of the young Count Ferdinand, nephew of the ambassador, who spoke English perfectly. As she shyly entered the room, with the brown curls hanging round her dimpled face, she stood for a moment holding the door, then, seeing her mother standing across the room, suddenly darted thither and hid herself behind the ample folds of the duchess's skirt. As nobody paid the least attention to this manœuvre, she by degrees peeped out from either side for the young count, whom she at last saw, standing by his uncle's side; a tall, slender youth, possessing in an eminent degree the beauty of the south. Perceiving the half bashful air of the incipient coquette, he advanced frankly to her, with extended hands, of which she took no notice, but, clutching her little skirt, made him a grave courtesy. In recovering her balance, however, she tripped over her mother's train, and stumbled backward, at which, as the boy smiled, "Thou art a rude boy," she cried, angrily, rising, "thou laughest at me!" Nevertheless, it took no long time for the courteous young stranger to restore an amicable understanding, and they were soon seen skipping down the lawn to the river.

"Canst steer a boat?" said Edith. "Nay, it is not worth thy while. Come back with me, and I will show thee curious things."

Now the vault of the castle, where the dead were lowered, had long been a subject of great wonderment to Edith, no dead having been deposited there for full two generations; but no one sufficiently daring among her confidants had agreed to her project of entering it hitherto. Hither, by another route, they turned their course. The door was locked, but the graffiq below was quite unloosed; this they tore aside for an entrance. Lighting a candle taken off the church altar, "We need not fear now," she cried, "I have a holy candle!" The candle, however, became extinguished in entering, and before Ferdinand could relight it, a sound as of some one shutting down a coffin-lid was heard.

"I suppose it is a ghost," said Edith; "they are all here."

The candle was again burning and deposited in a socket, when the children turned their attention to their discoveries. Here and there the bright eyes of a rat fascinated them for a moment, but in the next they caught sight of a skeleton, hung up and neglected by the family surgeon. A large oaken chair in one corner was brought as near to the centre of the vault as a stone table, bearing three coffins, one upon two, would permit. The skeleton, lifted down with great care and wrapped in a trailing, black-velvet pall, was placed there;—the coronet that lay upon an upper coffin, and Edith's own earrings were fitted on the skull, rings and chains, ferreted out of unknown corners, adorned the fingers that held a sword, stolen from another coffin. As draped themselves in sweeping palls they flourished before this monarch.

"There were cheeks there once," said Ferdinand, "rosy cheeks, and lips that some one loved to kiss, and bright eyes in those cavities, where thou hast thrust sugar-plums. I misdoubt if we do right."

Not long after, the old butler entered the drawing-room obsequiously, and informed his master that a loud outcry, with laughter, shouts, and heavy falls, was to be heard in the vault below the chapel. Now all present being tories, Romanists, and in one league for the Pretender, the duke had just informed them that he had hidden the Prince James Edward in this very vault, till he could safely return back to Rome; therefore the gentlemen, with drawn swords, and the ladies, with pale faces, speedily sought the endangered place. As the duke, having taken the ponderous key from beneath the altar steps, advanced quickly, the stream of yellow light came steadily through the tomb grating, but the merry laughs suddenly silenced themselves at the sound of footsteps. Turning the key in the rusty lock, his grace threw open the door, and facing the company sat the crowned and sceptred skeleton. Afar in some high niche, the white frock of Lady Edith glimmered like a ghost, and the whole place was in disorder. Suppressed giggles quickly relieved the awe-struck guests.

"Edith!" said her father, sternly, "Edith!"

"Here I am, papa!" she cried, with a merry laugh, that would no longer be restrained.

"Come hither, child!" and he went towards her. Somewhat fearful, should she be taken, the child leaped from the niche to a neighboring shelf, the aged timber snapped with the impetus, and threw her upon the topmost coffin of the three on the stone table, which falling with her in turn, the lid broke open and disclosed the Prince James Edward. Scrambling dismayed upon her feet, with the help of the young Count Ferdinand, she stood, half sobered, with her finger ungraciously in her mouth. Her father and the Spanish ambassador assisted the prince.

"Edith," now said the duke, holding her at arm's length from him, "dost know how thou hast profaned a sacred place, the holy rest of the dead? Of what art thou made?"

"Of dust," answered she, demurely, surveying the person of the prince leisurely.

"Hast thou no manners?" asked her mortified mother, hastily.

"All I ever had, mamma," she said; "I never used any!" and breaking from her father's hold, she ran like an antelope away. During the ambassador's stay, the friendship, begun so merrily between the children, became more closely cemented every day by a new alliance in mischief. The wine, set out to cool for dinner, was stealthily decanted away, and replaced by cunningly colored mixtures; the duke's snuff-box filled with flour, that gave his moustache a premature old age; the dish of plums at desert, served up with a majority of pin-cushions that they had spent the morning in contriving; the fountain pipes filled up with stones; the doublet sleeves of the important ambassador sewed up, and a few eggs deposited at the closed orifice; sudden shower baths given to full dressed young ladies; the hounds let loose in the flower-garden, and, to crown all, adventurous leaps from the battlements of one tower to those of another lower, till the whole household rejoiced when the Count Ferdinand left, to study war in the Spanish army, and the Lady Edith returned to her governess and her books.

Some eight years had rolled happily over England. Conspiracies seemed to be set aside, the good Queen Anne quietly installed upon the throne, and the war of the Spanish succession waged hotly with all the skill of Marlboro' and Eugene. A great frigate, bearing Spanish prisoners, lay in the harbor of Portsmouth, and the Duke of Norfolk, ever ready to gratify feminine curiosity, was explaining naval tactics to his daughter and a few of her friends, upon the deck. Weary of the affair, the Lady Edith strolled to the other side of the ship, and stood, with her arms folded in her lace mantle, looking into the green water of the harbor. Raising her eyes at the rattle of a sailor in the shrouds, they lighted upon a prisoner, sitting by the taffrail, with a large Spanish cloak around him. The color fled into her cheeks, but she walked calmly towards him.

"Ferdinand!" said she, in a low voice.

"Edith!"

"Thou, a prisoner?"

"Such are the chances of war, madam," he replied, in a slightly foreign accent.

"Canst thou not escape?"

"I have refused parole. Yonder is my guard."

"I will bring my father to thee. Do thou come to us in Devonshire. If I have a boat below, canst thou enter it unseen? Farewell, my lord!" and she tripped with a light step to her friends.

"Hast found a lover?" said one, laughingly.

"Only practising my Spanish," she returned, saluting a surly soldier with a Spanish jest; and taking her father's arm, she led him aside, and told of Ferdinand.

The frigate lay in distant moorings from the shore at sunset, and by the lanterns at her stern in the dark night her situation was evident. The moon had not risen, when a boat put out stealthily from the shore, and rowing with muffled oars, quietly lay to beneath the bows of the frigate. A low whistle from the boat, answered by another from the deck; a pause, and sliding down the anchor chains, Ferdinand was received into the boat, which instantly shot off again.

"Thou art safe," whispered the slender form beside him; he made no reply, save to kiss the little hand in his. The boatswain's loud pipe resounded from the frigate, and a shot came grazing the water just beside them. A few more hearty strokes, and their keel touched the sand. The men largely paid and dismissed, Ferdinand upon his road to Devonshire, and the duke and Lady Edith returned to the hotel. The next morning the quiet town was all astir, for the most precious prisoner of all had escaped, an officer who, having performed prodigies of valor, and whose skill and bravery having most harassed the allied troops, had only been taken at an immense expenditure of cunning, treachery, and gold. Three days, in order to allay suspicion, did the duke and Lady Edith remain at Portsmouth, and on the fourth departed for the summer residence in Devonshire. In this sweet home the rosy weeks flew by joyously, and no convenient escape yet offered itself for the count, while recounting their old pranks, re-visiting old haunts, practising madrigals and canzonets, the lapse of time was unnoticed, both by himself and Edith. One morning Edith, at a funeral pace, with an open letter in her hand, entered the drawing-room, where sat her mother and Count Ferdinand.

"Mamma," said she, "imagine any catastrophe, and then say, Lady Barbara Metcalf comes here to day! Count Ferdinand will no longer be safe. She is the greatest gossip in England, and knows every tit bit of scandal, from John O'Groat's house to Land's End! She must not come, certainly!"

"But how to prevent it?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"Stay! I have it!" cried Edith, and dancing from the room, she returned in a few moments with a great roll of scarlet bunting and white cloth. Quickly going and coming again, laden with shears, needles, thimbles, and thread.

"Never thou mind, mamma," she replied, to her mother's remonstrance. "I wish not the housemaid's assistance." And giving Ferdinand the shears, "Now do thou, count, cut me large letters from this white cloth," she added. "An L, no, two L's, an A and M, an X, a P, an O and an S. That will do. Is it not like our old play? Mamma, thou wilt take a needle and run this seam?" taking another herself, with a great show of industry,—for, to tell the truth, Edith was not greatly skilled at her needle. Sewing the white letters, one by one, upon the bunting, she finally spread it out upon the carpet, and the words, "SMALL POX," glared at her astonished coadjutors. Ringing the bell, which was answered by a footman before her mother could frame a new remonstrance—

"Good Gregory," she said, "run this up in place of the flag on the high tower. Be speedy!" and, enjoying every one's dismay, she began a smaller one. This being finished, she ran down the lawn with it and gave it to the porter's little boy at the gates, together with a thousand instructions. As she returned, the great white-lettered flag waved stiffly over the castle in the breeze, spreading its contagious rumor afar. No sooner was Edith enjoying the effect, as she narrated it to her mother and the count, than the sound of wheels struck their ears.

"That may be she," cried Edith. "Now for the damosel's terror!"

A moment the carriage delayed at the gates, another, and it rolled up the avenue to the grand entrance.

"O, Mary mother! simpleton that I am!" cried Edith, falling in a comical despair upon a fauteuil, "Lady Bab. has had the small pox!"

Lady Barbara was a young woman, with pinched and frosty features, and very small, black eyes, in singular contrast with tightly curling hair of a vivid red.

"Which of you are sick?" she asked, abruptly, after the first greetings.

"O, those flags, mamma! Thou didst not heed them, Bab?" said Edith, with a merry glance at Ferdinand.

In Lady Barbara's dressing-room, somewhat later, "Didst notice," said Edith, "the count's observance of thee?"

"I saw he could not take his eyes off from me!"

"Fascinated! Depend upon it!" cried Edith.

"Who is he? Wealthy!"

"Nay. A Spanish prisoner, merely."

"O," said Lady Barbara, with a disappointed cadence. "I shall be obliged to defeat his hopes. I could not think, for a moment, of such a marriage." And they went down together.

At dinner, Lady Barbara, sitting by Ferdinand's side, during the brilliant table talk, where he shone conspicuous by his lively wit, his extensive knowledge and entertaining anecdote, received the grave attentions of the table, which he bestowed, with so pleased a consciousness and coquettish shyness, mingled with mysterious glances at Edith, that Ferdinand was completely amazed. Edith, never remarkable for the politeness that characterized her mother, leaned back in her chair and laughed outright.

"I declare, Edith," said Lady Bab., "thou art incomprehensible."

Four days thus passed, during which Lady Barbara, laboring under the ridiculous deception, bridled and coquetted by turns with the perplexed count. On the fourth day, as Edith and Ferdinand sketched from a bow-window, before Lady Barbara came down, "Edith," said the duchess, "my Lord Bolingbroke comes hither to-day, and as thy suitor, it is thy father's and my will that thou wilt receive him—"

"*Suit*-ably!" finished Edith, with emphasis.

Ferdinand, with his customary delicacy, left them.

"Mamma," said Edith, after a momentary silence, "I never will wed Lord Bolingbroke, so help me—Westminster bridge."

My Lord Bolingbroke was a gentleman of a truly noble cast of countenance, an elegant manner and great wealth, but his arrival produced no effect upon Edith. That evening she was again in Lady Barbara's dressing-room.

"Didst ever know," said the latter, "anything so absurd as this young man's eyes, in following me? Everywhere I go there are a new host of lovers. I hate to disappoint them if they are anywise sensitive, but it is really troublesome. There was young Veasey, at Bath, a month ago, blew out his brains solely on my account, solely. However, he had lost all his fortune at gaming, the night before, and it wasn't so much matter! I cannot marry them *all*," she added, pensively; but Edith was already gone. "What is it they see in me so powerful?" she continued, meditatingly.

"God, he knows," answered her innocent Abigail, in a pious, sympathetic wonderment, from behind her chair.

"O, it's you, is it?" returned Lady Barbara, sharply. "Speak when you're spoken to!" With which lady-like remark she closed her toilet.

One pleasant noon, the duchess and Edith, with their guests, sat in the western drawing-room.

"I must speak decisively," whispered Lady Barbara to Edith. "I can no more endure this young man's impertinence," and she took a skein of wool from her table.

Ferdinand, with his usual grave courtesy, offered to wind it.

"Nay," said Lady Barbara, shaking her head and requesting Lord Bolingbroke's assistance.

Ferdinand, who had been reading aloud from Beaumont and Fletcher, resumed his pleasant employment.

"Young man," interrupted Lady Barbara, surveying him narrowly from her little black eyes, "your attentions have become quite offensive to me. I am unable to return them in the light you wish, and beg to have no more of them!"

"O, ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed Edith, throwing down her pencil, "O, it's too good! Ha! ha! ha! O, Bab! he is no more in love with thee than I am. It was only a joke. Ha! ha! ha!"

Ferdinand, Bolingbroke, the duchess, were stone still; even Edith stilled her merriment, at the expression of Lady Barbara's face, as, gathering up her embroidery, she swept in high dudgeon from the room. The duchess followed her immediately, offering a thousand apologies in vain. Lady Barbara borrowed the duke's coach, and desiring that her maid and baggage should be forwarded, passed hastily, in a few moments, equipped for a journey, down the staircase.

"Lady Bab! Lady Bab!" cried Edith, running out and stilling her laughter. "I beg your pardon! I was foolish and imprudent. Pray overlook it! Do not go! Say you will come again!"

Lady Barbara disengaged her hand. "Before I come to Norfolk castle again, you may all have the small pox and die of it!" she cried, twisting up a small portion of Edith's arm between her fingers, with the utmost spitefulness. Edith came back into the drawing-room, piteously displaying the black and blue spot upon her white arm.

"It is certain," said she, "that Lady Barbara, go where she will, leaves an impression."

The Count Ferdinand, weary of the bondage that was daily drawing him deeper into another more dangerous, was walking, alone and gloomy, in the park. A sunny opening among the felled trees, disclosed to him Edith, with Lord Bolingbroke in a lover's attitude at her feet. He struck into a side path, a deeper gloom upon his face, and sadder thoughts still, in his heart. An hour's walk brought him, unawares, upon the very place, and Edith stood there alone, in the same position.

"I have been waiting for thee, my friend," she said.

"I have come, then, only to bid thee farewell," he answered.

Edith opened her large eyes, repeating his last words.

"Ay, Lady Edith, I cannot see thee another's wife. I have loved thee! Prisoner and desolate as I am, I have dared to hope, and have wasted the passion and joy that should have been spread over a lifetime, in the vain delight of these few weeks. I go forth forever, to loneliness and despair."

"Ferdinand," said Edith, smiling through her tears, "dost thou truly love me? Wilt thou have me, with all my imperfections?" She stood close beside him, her hand upon his shoulder, in the old, childish way. "Bolingbroke is nothing to me," she said. "I love only thee!"

The lovers met with no opposition from duke or duchess, but the preparations for Ferdinand's departure were accomplished that evening, and next morning a fishing smack, anchored by the coast, was to skim safely over with him to Boulogne.

But Lady Barbara's petty revenge had not been idle; for detailing, as she passed through Portsmouth, a few exaggerated facts, a revenue cutter was despatched secretly to that quarter of the coast, and a strong force of soldiery marched to the adjoining town. Long before daylight, Ferdinand was put on board the smack, which bore all sail away. The rising sun, striking a glory through the distant mists, silvering oars and sails, and revealing every point along the shore, still showed the fisher, half disappearing in the fog, when three boats, filled with armed men, shot out from a cove, in full chase. Looking from where they stood upon the sand, the duke and Edith beheld the coast lined with soldiers, while the hearty strokes of those in the boats threw them forward with a fearful swiftness, till they disappeared in the mist. An hour, and the waiting multitudes saw them return. As they landed, they took from one of the boats a prisoner, bound hand and foot.

"We struggled well for him," said the boatswain; "for he fought like a tiger."

Edith was not one to wring her hands, and she went home to breakfast.

"Mamma," she said, "we have cards for the queen's grand masquerade ball, next Thursday? You will accept them? And, dear mamma, let us go up to London to day, and do thou condescend to gossip, and tell me all thou hearest are to go, and what they may wear. I myself will have a dozen masques."

Queen Anne, though compelled to set a price upon her brother's head, loved him with all the intensity of her quiet nature; her conscience warned her that she occupied his right, and her mind, after the death of her children, was full of projects and conspiracies in his favor. Thus, though she knew he was, at that moment, again in the kingdom,—being guarded by a jealous ministry,—she had hitherto found an interview with the Prince James Edward impossible. But, as if by an inspiration, she had ordered a masquerade in the palace, on a more extensive scale than had ever gladdened festive hearts. The cards issued were numerous as "leaves in Vallambrosa," and it was here, in an unknown masque, that she intended the interview. The streets were thronged with coaches at an early hour, and already the halls of St. James were full of fantastic and beautiful forms, winding among themselves in time to the magnificent music of the orchestra, when the duke and duchess, in rich Spanish costumes, arrived; but Edith was not with them. Neither had the queen arrived. A simple hack driving up, paid and dismissed by a single slender figure, was immediately followed by another, whence descended a remarkably stout lady. Her headdress was conspicuous with plumes of every color, as she descended from the dressing-rooms, and her whole array was a medley of gay hues and mediæval styles. Masqued, and holding her fan before her, she sailed in, requiring as much room as a Spanish galleon. Securing a little page, shortly, she whispered him, "Thou seest yon sea nymph? Go thou and fall before her, and in rising, lay hold upon her robe."

The little page speedily obeying, the sea nymph stooped forward to shake him off, when the stout lady adroitly pinned a paper, on which was written, "This is Lady Barbara Metcalf," upon her back.

"I think, my dear," soliloquized the stout lady, "thou wilt not do so much mischief tonight as thou didst anticipate." Moving along, she confronted a portly gentleman, dressed in the papal robes, but limping with a broken stick, as in derision of the Roman Church. "For all thou art so lame, holy father," said she, "thy step is *Swift*."

"How the deuce did you know me!" cried the astonished pope, in a blatant voice.

She only nodded her head mysteriously, and with a slow circuit, re-sought the empty dressing-room. There came thence, in another moment, a troubadour in the light provencal dress, with a lute in his little hands, striking now and then a harmony. Gliding with a quick step and a quicker jest between groups, she came to a single individual, in the attire of a Roman general, leaning against a pillar, whose head and shoulders were so disproportionately tall as to suggest the idea of pasteboard. Standing close beside him, he sung to the music of his lute.

"When Alexander's shining sword
Had nothing more to hope,
He added to his martial name
Monosyllabic Pope!
To conquer newer worlds with spleen,
Cross-grained, cross-eyed, and dull,
He proved the hero but a man,
The poet but a fool.

Thine asses ears show under thy lion's skin, Mr. Pope," he laughed.

Discovering many other identities, the troubadour lost his own, and a nun of the Annunciad stole round, with her thin, blue-silk veil falling over her white garments.

"My infidel, Lord Bolingbroke," murmured the nun, to a red-cloaked cardinal, "thy dress is a mockery! Kneel to this cross!"

The cardinal laughed, while she moved on towards one in the crimson-velvet garments of an astrologer, embroidered with silver stars and crescents. "Thou shouldst wear this garb always, Sir Isaac," she said. "Fitly art thou an astrologer, great Newton!"

An angel, with rosy wings, and shining curls, and snowy robes, supplanted the nun, as she threw her blue veil upon a seat. "O, Sarah of Marlboro'," she whispered, to one in the dress of Zenobia, "England's and Palmyra's queens are not so friendly as of yore. I am not the Angel of Death, your grace," she cried, to the Highlander by Zenobia's side. "*He* will come to Marlboro', anon! Here, Benbow," she laughed, to an old Tai, "here is a sea nymph for thee! Lady Bab! Lady Bab! did the Spaniard deceive thee?" And the angel laughed as soft a laugh as the sound in the sea nymph's shells, on her way to a dressing room. A tall lady, in a blue domino, passed the door, as a sweet little English peasant girl came out, with a basket of flowers upon her arm. The short, white petticoat and pink jacket, and the lace cap, half over the bright, dropping hair, gave her a most bewitching appearance.

"I will not betray thee," whispered the peasant girl to the lady in the blue domino, "though thy highness *has* a moustache behind thy mask! The weather is sweeter in Rome, Prince James!" and she glided by to a nun in black robes. "Madam," whispered she, so low that none save the nun could hear, "come with me." The nun turned, and they went into an alcove together. "I know," said Edith, removing her mask, "that thou art the queen. I know, also, that thy brother, the Prince James Edward, is yonder in the blue domino." The gasping queen made a terrified motion to remove her mask. "Nay," said Edith, "none but I know it. Queen Anne, I am thy faithful subject, but tenderly as thou lovest thy brother, I love another. Thou remembrest that thou thyself hast set a price upon the Stuart's head. Madam, give me the life and freedom of Count Ferdinand di Garcilasso, the Spanish prisoner in the Tower, and thy brother is safe!" and she produced a parchment and a minute writing apparatus from her flower-basket. "Write it fairly, madam," said Edith. The queen wrote, in a bold, free hand, an entire pardon, sealing it with her signet ring, she signed it fully, and gave it to the lovely peasant girl. Edith quickly called the Duke of Norfolk's coach, and left the palace for the Tower.

The great concourse assembled in church a month later, was nowise saddened by the absence of Lady Barbara, as Ferdinand led Edith to the altar. While many a gentle heart in the galleries beat faster at sight of the dark curls flowing over the Spanish doublet, and the large black eyes overlooking the pale chiselling of the bridegroom's features. And the queen herself took the glove from Edith's fingers, with a reconciled and thankful condescension.

There was one palatial residence in the city of San Domingo, rivalling the palaces of the old world in magnificence. It was the home of his excellency, the governor, Count Ferdinand di Garcilasso. The blue Atlantic glittered at a distance from its flat roofs, and the deep, safe waters of the river Ozima rolled far beyond it, into the city, beneath the overhanging windows, while great ships and barges lay at anchor within speaking distance. It was built in the light and graceful style of Saracenic architecture, with the pilazzos, and balconies, and columns that grace the streets of Damascus. Frequently some slave's skilful hand filled the whole place with melody, and lulled the Lady Edith gentler in her siesta, till she awoke to find herself strewn with aromatic blooms by baby hands. Or leaning at night, beside Ferdinand, from her windows, whence poured a great illumination, boat and skiff speeding along with friendly recognition, sweet songs arising in the distance, and the moon hanging full and fiery above the low horizon. "Thy home pleases thee?" the governor might ask.

"England was sweet enow," is the low reply. "But it was never like this, my love! Venice is not so beautiful!"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

STANZAS.

BY C. MORRIS.

Home of my youth! how my heart swells toward thee,
My soul on the wings of love flies to thy shrine;
Your bright fields in fancy, still blossom before me,
And all the loved spots which so fondly were mine.
Upon my mind's eye gleams the vine-covered dwelling,
Alive with the dreams of life's earliest part;
Above its low portal the oak-tree is swelling,
And with unfading verdure, still blooms in my heart.

With visions of pleasure my spirit oft quivers;
Sweet visions which nothing but death may destroy,
When the full flood of time on me flows, like a river,
Filled with lofty barks richly freighted with joy.
Bright, bright on life's sky, gleam my childhood's sweet dreaming,
Like the west, when the sun has in sleep closed his eye;
Through the halls of sweet memory flash brilliant gleamings,
While all the dull clouds of reality fly.

Forever in my bosom will live these sweet phantoms,
The souls of old joys buried long in time's grave;
Forever my soul they will sweetly be haunting,
As on life's dull shore like an ocean they lave.
I'd not have them again to be clothed in reality,
For fear all their heavenly sweetness should fall;
No, still let them blossom in sweet ideality,
And gleam with their love-light on memory's halls.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LOUISE AND BERTRAND:

—OR,—

LOVE AND RELIGION.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Low and sweet was the music of the Loire as it wound its silvery way through the sunny vales of France, kissing the banks of the many vine-clad hills that shadowed its waves, and picturing them in such vivid colors that it were hard to tell which were the fairest, the leaves and fruit which rustled in the golden air, or their reflections swaying to and fro to the lullaby of mermaid's song. Many lovely spots did that river glide softly by as it chanted so low and sweet, and many an ear was bent to hear its familiar tones, and many a heart, as they stole through the balmy air in tuneful echoes, was proud of its native stream. But no lovelier spot did it touch with its crystal waters, than the spacious and fragrant gardens of the old Count Altieux. No ears were bent oftener to listen to its murmuring music than those of his young and lovely daughter Louise, and no knight of all fair France was prouder of its rolling waters than was she of her native, her beauteous Loire.

She had a favorite seat under an arching tree, close to the river's bank, and hither she came, whether merry or sad, twice a day; when the sun was first flinging its golden rays over the mountain tops, when the birds were warbling their native hymns, and the flowers lifting up their dewy eyes, and when the purple and crimson floods of sunset light were haloing with glory the western sky, when the vesper notes floated from the old gray chapel, and buds and blossoms folded their fragrant leaves and drooped in their beautiful sleep. If merry, she fancied the stream laughed with her, while its rolling tides would seem to blend in the sweetest of chorus notes with her ringing laugh and happy song. If sad, it seemed to her like a stream of tears, and its voice would come to her then with a dirge-like wail, and mournful, but solemn, as come the voices of the departed to the sad heart at the twilight hour. But whether it sang or wept with her, dear, very dear, was it to the young heart of Louise, for with it were linked her earliest, her dearest memories. How many hours of childish joy had she and the little brother who slept under that tiny green mound in the churchyard, enjoyed together upon its flowery banks! How many pleasant walks and talks had she known there with her father and mother, after the voice of little Philip was hushed! And in later times how often had her maiden heart throbbed with almost delirious ecstacy on the brink of those flashing waves, as her ear drank in the music of a lover's voice and her cheeks became rosier under the soft touch of his rich lips! Ah yes! Within a year that river had become a still more hallowed spot in her memory, for beside it, her betrothal vows had been whispered,—beside it, the golden ring had been slipped upon her finger,—beside it, the first kiss of love had been received and given!

Low and sweet was the music of the beautiful Loire as Louise bent her fleet footsteps to its brink one sunny eve in June,—low, it seemed to her as was the star of hope in her heart's horizon, and sweet as the memories that clustered about that favorite seat, on which she sank so quickly. Very pale was her fair brow, while the dark lines under the golden lashes, which drooped so pitifully over her swollen eyes, seemed to speak of an agony too deep for words. Her pallid lips quivered with sobs, her heart beat convulsively, and her small white hands were now wrung in the mute language of grief, and then were folded as in passive despair on her throbbing bosom.

For a long while she sat there in deep silence. But at length, lifting her head and dashing the heavy drops from her eyelids, she gazed sadly around her, and then in a voice of touching pathos, exclaimed: "My last evening here! O, can it be? Must I leave my sunny France, my singing river, my laughing flowers, my shadowing trees, my birdling pets, my beautiful home, my brother's grave—all, all! O, my Heavenly Father, be near me now, for I am weak indeed." And then she bent her knees and communed in silence with the God of the Huguenots, praying for strength in their hour of need so close at hand, and for resolution to go through all that would await them in their perilous flight from their native land to that wilderness over the ocean, where only then could they hope for that freedom of soul which they prized so dearly.

She was very calm when she arose and seemed transformed by her earnest prayer from a shrinking maiden to a fearless martyr, ready and willing to brave tempest and wave, to give up life's holiest memories and its dearest hopes. "I would it were over," murmured she,—"this parting scene, for it will rack me as never did priest his victim, and yet I feel that I have that within my soul that will carry me through. But Bertrand, beloved of my heart, how can I crush your hopes so sadly and so suddenly—"

"Bertrand is here," whispered a manly voice in her ear. "Didst call him, love? Methought I heard my name softly spoken as I leaped the thicket. But how is this, Louise? In tears and so sad too. What means it, love?" And he drew the maiden's head close to his heart and showered her damp, white face with kisses.

"You have not heard, then?" said she, when at length she found her lips.

"Heard! What, Louise? Speak quickly, love. You scare me with your pale, sad looks."

Then the maiden lifted her head and gazed earnestly into her lover's face, seeming the while to struggle hard for the mastery of her emotions. At length she spoke: "Methinks a Catholic so devout as is your father, Bertrand, would ere now have called upon you to rejoice in your king's mandate."

"What mandate, Louise? What edict can Louis the Fourteenth, our blessed monarch, have spoken, that can have caused such terror in a maiden's heart? I cannot even guess. I have been closeted in closest study with Father Anselm all day long, and know nothing of what you intimate. What is it?"

"You do not know, then, that the king has unjustly revoked the edict of Nantes—that death or banishment is the cruel sentence denounced upon the heads of all those Protestants in France who do not renounce their faith."

Passionately did the young man clasp her to his breast, as he gathered in the terrific import of her words, and until the moon rose high in the heavens did he hold her there, striving with the wildest entreaties of love to induce her to tarry in her native clime, to become his bride at once, and as the wife of a noble and wealthy Catholic, while in her heart she might be true to her religion, enjoy the freedom and beauty of life in the lovely home of her youth.

But in vain did he expostulate and plead. Hushing the yearnings of her heart as it craved to lie forever in the bosom of its love, to have forever its home amid the haunted scenes about her, the maiden firmly, but sadly too, made known to her lover her determination to be true to her convictions then and ever, to leave her sunny France, her youthful lover, all the hopes and memories which till that day she had so fondly cherished, and go forth with her beloved ones, over the sea, to the western wilds.

"With the morrow's sunset I shall see the white sails of the exile's vessel—with the next sunrise I shall bid my native coast a long, yes, an eternal, and O, how sad—farewell. It only remains, Bertrand, that we nerve ourselves to part. This ring," and she slipped the golden circlet from her quivering finger; "this ring which once I hoped to have worn when my [illegible] was still, I must now give back; and may she who wears it after me, never know the anguish that is crushing now my dearest hopes."

"Hear me, hear me, my own Louise!" and Bertrand sank on his knees before her. "Religion may forbid that we should ever wed, but it cannot forbid our holy love, our love that has grown up with our young lives, that has sanctified the past and made heavenly the future! No, Louise;" and he drew the ring again upon her finger. "No other bride shall wear it, and not until another has sought and won your hand, shall it be taken thence."

And then they parted,

Parted in silence, parted in tears,
On the banks of their native river."

Sad, almost ready to break, seemed to Louise her heart, as she slowly retraced her path to the castled home which had nurtured her ancestors for so many a generation back. Yet that privilege, so inestimable to those who mourn, of weeping till her sobs became a lullaby to slumber, was then denied her, and forcing herself to wear an aspect of cheerfulness, she spent the remainder of the night in assisting her parents to complete their hasty preparations for an immediate flight. Much and valuable property had to be sacrificed, but bravely was it done, for the compensation was life, and liberty to worship as the heart thought best, and could they only have been certain of a cottage home in that western world, freed from the perils of the wilderness, they would have parted with less regret than they did from old and cherished objects.

The sun was just touching the old turrets with its first golden beam, as the exiled ones stepped into the light craft that was to carry them for the last time over the waters of the Loire. Fain would they have lingered awhile on its hallowed banks, and taken a long last look of the spot so dear, but the words of the fatal edict seemed ringing in their ears, now like the funeral notes of a beautiful hope, and again with the ominous shriek of the carrion bird, impatient to see the last drop of life blood ooze from the veins of his prey; and clinging wildly to each other, father, mother and daughter secreted themselves in the tiny cabin and gave orders to the waiting crew to set their sails.

As Louise had told her lover, with the sunset their tearful gaze rested on the vessel that was to bear them over the deep. They were urged to embark at once, though it would not weigh anchor till sunrise, but their hearts plead too powerfully to be resisted, for one more night on the soil of their loved native land, and crouched together under a rude tent, framed hastily from canvass lent them by their crew, who were old retainers of the count, for the last time they performed religious services in France. The boatmen, though each devoutly pressed a rosary to his lips each time he knelt, were so impressed with the solemnity of the scene, that great tears rolled down their sunburnt faces and their rough hearts were filled with tenderness. Seating himself close to the opening of the tent, into which streamed the crimson light of the departing day, the count read passage after passage from the holy volume, and that earnest, impassioned tone haunted the ears of his rude listeners for years. Then the trio joined their voices in one of those grand old hymns, which have been pealing ever since through the aisles of the sanctuary, like music tones from a heavenly harp. And then, on their bent knees, they offered up their last evening prayer in the land of their birth, and it was a prayer worthy their Protestant hearts, for not only did they commit themselves to the hand of the Omnipotent, but beseech him to pour his blessing not only on their brother and sister refugees, but on their most cruel oppressors. "All, all, Father," cried the trembling voice of the count; "all would we number in our prayer; and now do with us as thou seest fit."

It was a tearful time on the quay the next morning, as friends and neighbors parted so sadly and so suddenly, for religion does not always set at defiance the outgushings of the heart, and many a Catholic and Protestant of that wide realm were bound together by ties it was hard indeed to sever; and of all that gathered there to see that vessel of exiled ones set sail, not one, though proud of his allegiance to his king, but rejoiced that they had been enabled to flee his vengeance, and not one was there but gave his blessing to the parting friend.

Louise had crossed the plank at an early hour and sought a place where, unnoticed by the throng, she could gaze till distance forbade it longer, on the beautiful shores. She heard the last orders given, with a burst of tears so violent as to blind her eyesight, and almost fainting, was sinking on her knees, when she felt herself all at once clasped to a heart whose throbbings were like household words, and heard herself called by the most endearing names. "Once more, once more; I must caress thee once more; my heart would not be satisfied; there, there, a long, but not a last farewell, Louise!" were the broken sentences which a voice of familiar sweetness passionately breathed into her ears, and then feeling, rather than seeing, that something was hung about her neck and cast into her lap, she heard her name whispered once more, pressed once again a lover's lips, and then drooped into unconsciousness, from which she did not revive till even the last dim outline of her native land was lost.

Many hours after she had recovered, as she lay tossing in her narrow berth, she chanced as she once pressed convulsively her heart, to feel her fingers rest on something strange to her touch. She drew it forth from the folds of her disordered robe and with ecstacy made the discovery that it was a golden locket, with the pictured face of Bertrand on the one side, and a braid from his dark locks on the other, and the chain which held it she recognized at once as one which for years he had worn about his neck. It was a parting gift to be highly prized, and like a talisman of hope it came to her weary heart. And while yet lost in communion with it, her mother approached with a fresh and fragrant cluster of blossoms, which she had found she said by her side when they raised her up. Their odor gave new life to Louise, and when on the morrow, [illegible] silken cord that bound them, and found coiled around each slender stem a brief but fervent word of hope and faith from the hand that had gathered them for her, from spots that were as Meccas in her memory, her heart grew strong, and there beamed upon her inward sight a vision as beautiful as those which had come to her so often in her favorite seat beside the Loire.

Well for them all was it too, that Louise had those hopes and that faith to cheer her, and keep well and strong her heart, for much need had she of health and trust on that long and tedious voyage. Her mother sickened in a few days after they set sail, and did not raise her languid head till she had rested many a day on the shores of their new, wild home. Her father, too, while watching by an humble friend who begged permission to accompany them, willing to go even as a servant rather than lose "the right to worship God," contracted a disease that threatened speedy death. And between the two, so dearly loved, so highly prized, the slender girl for many a day and night divided her anxious watches, relieved at length, but not until almost in sight of land, by the recovery of the one.

It was early in autumn that the exiles landed, but instead of the gorgeous views that usually greet the eye at that season, they beheld only naked woods and bare fields, through the first of which the winds went rattling and clashing, and over the latter ran with a low, sobbing sound, that seemed the dirge of the beautiful. Many and tedious trials did they endure through that long, cold and tedious winter that intervened between their arrival and the blooming of flowers and the song of birds; and thoughts of their sunny France, with its genial skies and mellow air, would oftentimes rush over them so vividly that they would weep away long hours with a homesick memory. And for the first two years of their residence in their New England home, though when spring, summer and the golden autumn-time opened their rich and varied charms to them, they came to feel that the beautiful was not all left over the sea, they yet endured hardships and perils of the most grievous kind. Twice had the humble cabin which they had reared over their heads burned to the ground, and but that they always kept buried those treasures which they could not secrete about them, they would have had poverty of the sternest kind added to their troubles.

In the spring of the third year they were induced to remove from their first settlement to one more numerous in population and older in years, and turned their steps towards the southern part of the fertile valley of the Connecticut. As that glorious old river burst upon their sight one sunny morn in June, an exclamation of delight broke from each lip, and they resolved one and all that it should be the Loire of their hearts. A tract of land bordering upon its banks was immediately purchased, and each set to work to make the home which they had decided should be there erected, as nearly like the castled one they had left behind as possible.

The architecture of the building that soon arose, resembled closely one wing of their former spacious mansion, and that one too in which they usually dwelt, and though, instead of the massive stones of which that was built, this was only of timber, yet by painting it the same gray hue of that and teaching the wild vines to clamber over its walls, and leaving the old forest trees which for years had stood upon the place, to grow about it in their own wild grandeur, they had the satisfaction of giving an ancient look to their home in almost the first year of its erection. The garden, too, was a miniature one of the spacious grounds that had surrounded their castle, and frequently would the invalid mother, as she walked through its pleasant alleys, come upon some little nook, some arbor or some flower bed, so like to those she had left behind, that the present would seem a dream, and for a while she would fancy herself back again over the waves. These were all the plannings of Louise, and after a couple of years had elapsed in their pleasant valley home, she would have been perfectly content to stay there, so like had they made it to their olden one, but for the anxious thought of Bertrand. She had made herself a seat on the banks of the river under one of those grand old elms, that for a century had cast its shadows there, and hither she would withdraw and dream to the music of the waves that glided by, and as it sang a low, sweet hymn, or went rushing on in stormy and discordant peals, so beamed or glimmered her maiden hopes.

In vain did many of the gifted and the good about her seek to win the young French girl's love. She ever turned from them with so sad a face that in their hearts they sorrowed more for her than for themselves, and were grieved that they should have innocently touched a sore and crimson wound. And when her parents besought her often to give her hand away, that when they came to die they might not have to fear for her, left lonely in a foreign land, she would only answer: "While I am true to what I feel is right, that God, who bore us over the sea, and has guarded us here, will be my friend. I shall never be alone."

And thus five years passed on, and the love which Louise had cherished towards Bertrand when she felt for the last time the pressure of his lips, was warm as ever, though never had she heard whether he was still alive, or had long since been buried. One evening, and it was the anniversary of that one which had seen her for the last time lave her brow with the silvery waters of the Loire, Louise sought her favorite seat beside the gleaming waves of the Connecticut. It was a beautiful season of the year, the freshness and glory of early summer time being all about her. And it was a beautiful hour, the sun just sinking out of sight and leaving the whole western sky flooded with gold and crimson light, the shifting shadows of the hale old trees and of the purple hills mirrored in the murmuring waters, the soft zephyrs singing through the tall grass of the luxuriant meadows, which rose and fell like the green breasted ripples of some fairy sea, the whole air fragrant with the breath of flowers, and musical with vesper hymns of birds and waves, and the glory and gladness of [illegible] scented turf to the arching sky.

As Louise traversed that alley of the garden that led to her musing spot, her whole soul was filled with ecstacy as she drank in the beauty of the scene, and her spirits rose with the excitement, and like a gay young French girl, when her heart is free from care, she went dancing along with a step as light as a bird's, and with a carol on her lips almost as sweet as that which gushed from the little yellow-throated warblers that flitted above her head. And when she nestled on the moss-fringed seat under the drooping boughs of the old elm tree, instead of the sad thoughts which she had meant to commune with, she was conscious of an exhilaration of spirits, which forbade all but beautiful memories. As she sat and watched the brilliant glow fade from the horizon, sweet dreams stole over her. She saw the vine-clad hills of her old ancestral home; the silvery waters of her native river, the tiny waves of the little rills that flowed through their wide fields, the gushing of their crystal fountains, the old gray chapel from whose turret the matin and vesper bells were wont to peal so solemnly, and the lofty and moss-clad walls of the antique castle, in the shelter of which for eighteen years she had known so glad a life. She heard, too, the voices of the blithe young lads and maidens as they flitted over the Loire in their tiny crafts, and the shouts and laughs of merry childhood as it capered on the green before the lodge. The beautiful of the past came back, as it sometimes, but O, how rarely, will, without one shadow on its shining front, and Louise sat there, so rapt in the delicious dream, that unconsciously she listened for her lover's step and the low, tremulous snatch of song with which he was wont to herald his leap through the thicket.

Suddenly, while the maiden sat there, so lost to all about her that one might have fancied her a vestal communing with her God, there stole upon her ear a single strain of music, seeming to her almost like the breath of the wind-harp, and yet floating as it were on the foam of a crested wave. Eagerly, almost wildly, she listened for another, then bowed her head and fancied it was but the vibration of thought upon her soul. But ere long a second and a third strain thrills the soft evening air, and she feels it is no illusion of her dream, and at the same moment recognizes it as one which Bertrand, when for sportive pastime he personated the returned troubadour, always sung under her lattice. But whence came it now? Buoyed it up from the crystal water, or did a spirit bear it on its wings?

Rushing closer to the river's brink, she called out: "Bertrand, Bertrand, Louise is thine, thine only. Bear back the message, favoring breeze." But as the last word trembled on her now pale lips, a light shallop darted from behind a little fairy isle, and the single oarsman, as though life was at stake, rowed towards the shore. "It *is* he; it *is* Bertrand!" cried Louise; and sank upon the mossy seat, white as the lily that was fastened in her hair.

Yes, it was Bertrand—Bertrand come to seek his cherished one, after five long, lonely years of absence. It were in vain to picture the rapture of the hour. Such meetings, like angels' visits to the earth, have a sacredness about them that forbids description.

A few words will tell the story. When he turned from the pale face of Louise upon the deck of the exiles' vessel, it was with the determination to follow her as soon as his coming of age would place sufficient property in his hands to render them comfortable in the western world. But ere that time arrived he was commanded by his father to wed the daughter of a friend and neighbor, one whose estates joined theirs, and the union of which would make him lord of a princely heritage. But with his whole heart he scorned the offer of the proud lady's hand, and declared that while Louise was living, lands, nor gold, nor titles, should betray his troth. The old lords, who had projected the marriage, were wroth indeed, but they had so far outlived their manliness that they thought his words only the enthusiastic ones of youth, and believed a little wholesome discipline would bring him to his senses. This discipline consisted in confining him for months in one of the turrets of his father's castle and forbidding any to have access to him. And when this failed, they obtained a decree from their king that he should marry and at once.

Until then, Louis had not had a more allegiant subject in his realm than the young Bertrand, despite the consciousness that troubled him often, that his majesty was unwise and unjust in his treatment of the Huguenots. But the tie that bound him to the throne was severed then. Kings had no right to dictate to the heart, he told his father, and they should not to his. And gathering together what he could of his own property, he resolved to depart at once for a home beyond the sea. But the emissaries of royalty were all about him, and ere half the distance between his father's castle and the blue Atlantic was traversed, he was arrested and thrown into a gloomy dungeon, from which the old lord's gold rescued him, only on his majesty's condition that he himself should be his jailor. And for three years, until the stern father was stretched upon his dying bed, was the son immured in a room so lofty, that none but an eagle could have scaled the distance between the grated window and the turf. But the kindly hands of death unsealed the fountain of love in the old man's heart, and the love which he had borne the mother of his boy, when in her girlish beauty she became his bride, and the sorrow he had felt when after one little year of bliss he saw her pale and still, with a cypress wreath upon her brow, came over him fresh as a violet's breath, when the snow has thawed. He commanded, in tones so authoritative that the priest dared not dissent, that he take the key he gave him and bring his son before him, and leave them alone till he was called again.

But when that summons came the old lord was motionless in death. His son, after receiving some earnest discourse from his lips and a warm, heartfelt blessing, had closed the love-lit eyes and disappeared. In vain they sought for him, and many a wild story of his flight was told with old [illegible] But [illegible] man had pointed out a secret way of egress and a lonely spot where the son might safely rest till pursuit was entirely over. A few stolen visits were made afterward by him to the castle for the purpose of removing some valued relics, and then in the guise of a travelling merchant, he sought the sea-shore, and soon had the joy of seeing the white waves roll between him and the land of tyranny.

When, on the following Sabbath morn, Louise on the arm of Bertrand entered the little village sanctuary, the secret of her maiden life was guessed by all. And when at the evening service they heard the bans of marriage between Bertrand and Louise, all were joyous and happy.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DEATH OF MINNIE VALE.

BY WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Fair as a dream of Aiden,
Pure as the ether hue,
A gentle-hearted maiden,
With starry eyes of blue—
Pale auburn tresses braided,
O'er forehead broad and white,
Young, matchless features shaded
With half the gloom of night.
Small, dimpled fingers folding
Across her guileless breast;
Slight form in fairy moulding,
And sylph-like graces drest:
Light feet that had not flitted
Long, o'er the path of life,
And soul, that was not fitted
To meet the battle's strife.

With tear-drops faintly gleaming,
Amid her blue eye's light,
Awoke me from my dreaming,
Once on a summer's night.
And kneeling there beside me,
I seem to see her yet;
Whatever fate betide me,
Her voice I'll ne'er forget.
With low and sweet soul-breathings,
It touched the silent air,
Light as the moonbeam's wreathings
Twined round her auburn hair;
And there, in my arms lying,
Like a wearied, stricken dove,
While the dark night was dying,
She told her hopeless love.

Of one whose dark eyes kindly
O'er her seemed to shine,
Till her heart was given blindly,
In worship at his shrine.
How, in the halls of learning
He sought an honored name,
With no thought toward her yearning,
He only cared for fame!
Amid the shadows dusky,
I bent above her brow,
Her voice grew low and husky,
As she faintly murmured now,
"Ere yet the summer paleth,
Or flower and bloom are gone,
My weary spirit faileth,
And through death passeth on.

"Down through the azure pastures,
Across the moonbeam's track,
Angels, in snow-white vestures,
Come to bear my spirit back.
Yet I've forgotten, never,
E'en while life's lamp grows dim,
I love him still as ever,
I die, I die for him!"
Then on my trembling bosom,
That star of life grew pale,
And now, the fairest blossom
In heaven, is Minnie Vale.
Twelve strokes from the curfew pealing,
Onward the night-king sped;
Alone with a heart congealing,
Alone with the dreamless dead.

I wrapped the shroud around her,
Smoothed the hair from her brow,
Joyed that the chain that bound her,
Could not fetter her now.
Out, o'er the emerald meading,
Slowly and lightly treading,
We bore her on to rest.
Pale, auburn hair still braided
O'er her forehead white,
Pure face never more shaded
By grief's withering blight;
Small hands still folded meekly,
Blue eyes wearily closed,
There slept she still and sweetly,
As statue e'er reposed.
Curtaining lashes sweeping
The marble of her cheek,
Like some fair angel sleeping,
Pure, pale, and cold and meek.
The light feet had grown weary
Of treading earth's rough way.
Freed from a life so dreary,
How silently she lay.

Then in the leafy valley,
Down by the streamlet's side,
Laid we our broken lily,
The death-king's lovely bride.
Seek thou the place at even,
When low winds, [illegible]ching, sweep,
And the deep eyes of heaven
O'er her the night-watch keep.
Pause where the willows parted,
Droop o'er the headstone pale—
There sleeps the broken-hearted,
The martyred Minnie Vale.
And know that thou hast broken
That spirit, young and free,
She, of heart-wealth unspoken,
Had not died, but for thee!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HAIR RING.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

The spacious and elegant parlor was filled with a gay company. The massive chandeliers, suspended from the ceiling, each stretched forth eight golden arms, holding a lily, from which the light streamed as perfume from a flower made visible, and as bright as sweet. The numerous company passed to and fro through the length of the room, while the mirrors at both ends, reaching from floor to ceiling, reduplicated the sight to an endless range, adding greatly to the animation of the scene when the dancers were lively, or groups promenaded as they kept on talking.

Our friend Christo, otherwise called Christopher Adams, was one of the gayest of the gay, abundant in his attentions to every lady acquaintance, and abounding in happy witticisms and pleasant compliments as he mingled in group after group in the sociable company. Of course Myra was with him, or he would not have been so free and hearty. Where she was not, he was absent-minded; but where she was, all things were beautiful, and the hours flew rosy-crowned and singing. On this evening he was more than usually happy and mirthful; and it may be the reason for this was to be found in the uncommon gaiety of Myra, whom he had never seen so unembarrassed and merry before. Her peculiar intimacy with the lady of the house, and her peculiar friendship for that lady's daughter, might be a sufficient explanation of this, but it was not the real interpretation of her ease and mirth. A happy feeling arising from the successful prosecution of a darling project, was the real cause of her peculiar happiness, defending her from being moved by any of the circumstances which otherwise might have made her bashful or timid. She was living in the joy of a secret victory, and no one could make her susceptible to any defeat.

It was now Myra's turn to be seated at the piano for the entertainment of the company. Many fine performers had preceded her, but with an undaunted spirit, and without making any apologies, she sat down to the instrument. As she ran her fingers over the keys, she betrayed no nervousness, no trembling, but struck them in a manner that not only spoke of perfect self-possession, but also with an energy which she usually showed only when playing at home to her dearest friends. As she played, silence pervaded the room. One group after another of conversationists paused, and all were charmed at Myra's superior execution as she performed some of the most difficult of the fashionable pieces of music.

Hardly aware of his actions, Christo had drawn himself to her side. He had always before been sure to support her by his presence at her side when she played in company, but this evening, the uncommon freedom from timidity, so apparent in her manner, had induced him to be less careful of looking after her, and she was at the piano before he was aware of her purpose. Her extra performance had now drawn him to her side, whither he had quietly edged himself, and there he stood drinking in not only the music, but the animation of her beaming and beautiful face. A wonderfully well-executed passage, where the fingering was exceedingly difficult, made him cast his eyes down to her hands, which were flying over the keys as though possessed by some spirit, music-mad; but how he *was* startled to see on one of her fingers a gold ring, between the borders of which braided hair was inserted! He looked at it. He stared at it as though some wild phenomenon had startled him. He was deaf to the music, blind to the company about him, and indeed everything seemed to be reduced to empty space, into which a hair ring dropped, and was suspended there by some invisible power. All that Macbeth's "air drawn dagger" was to him, this little ring was to Christo; and when Myra had finished, she had to touch Christo to wake him to the politeness of leading her from the piano, which act he did perform, but rather as a blind man feeling his way, than as Christopher Adams usually performed his part. Myra took his abstraction as a compliment to her music, and therefore his conduct did not occasion any remark from her.

But Christo's happiness was gone. He was puzzled, confounded, afflicted. He thought over every possible memory by which he could call up any friend who had left Myra's home, or from whom she might have received such a gift, but no probable solution of his difficulty came at his bidding. Her father and mother [illegible]ter; that fair auburn tress bore no resemblance to the gray hair of either her grandmother or grandfather, from whom she had been parted some years ago; and had she received such a gift from her old school mates at the seminary, he would have heard of it, and he would have had the story of its presentation. And now for thee, poor victim of jealousy, go soaring amid all unpleasant realms to get a solution of a mystery! Why not ask her at once where she got it? Why hesitate a moment? Alas! Christo couldn't tell. Something held him back, and he who could have asked any question that came into his mind last evening, was now tongue tied and dumb. And now came up the fact of Myra's uncommon freedom from embarrassment that evening—how was that to be explained? *Who* led her to the piano? *What* gave the uncommon freedom to her playing, the Pythonic furor to her style of execution? Questions multiplied, but no answers came.

Myra, however, was not long unacquainted with Christo's embarrassment, for she caught his eye too many times fastened upon the alarming though very innocent hair ring on her finger, and she now enjoyed what she saw was a puzzle to him. She took pains to make that finger more prominent to his sight. When she left Christo, she saw he followed her with shy glances, and she coquetted a bit, as was not her wont, to see what he would do. It was the first time that the least thing of the kind had ever occurred, and Myra *did* enjoy it. It seemed to her, at first, that she was a little malicious, but she did feel a little inclined to indulge her notion, "for why don't he ask me at once about the ring?" said she, to herself; and thus she justified herself in keeping him on the rack. And then, too, it made her merry to discover that Christo *could* be jealous! It was really romantic to have him so, and she could almost venture on a polka with some one else than him, but she did not go so far as that. But on one thing she was determined, and that was, he should speak first about the ring.

A new accession to the company made the parlor rather thronged, and Christo and Myra went into the library where some fine paintings were hung on the walls, richly adorning the room. Among them was a splendid representation of the Doge of Venice marrying the Adriatic, at the time when he is about to drop the ring into the sea. Christo and Myra admired the picture; and Christo laughingly exclaimed:

"That's rather a poor *dodge* for a marriage—he *drops* the ring, but will not embrace his bride, fearing a cold bath if he did."

"Yes, but *some* folks *dodge* the *ring*," slyly answered Myra, who really was getting a little uneasy at Christo's silence about her ring, and fearing also that her jest might be a serious joke.

"That may be while they are '*lookers* on in Venice,'" replied Christo. "Did you ever hear," he asked, "that the Doge had his *hair* braided on the ring he threw into the sea?"

"No!" answered Myra, with a hearty laugh. "Why did you ask that question?"

"Because, I didn't know," he replied, "but that it had come to you by some magic, or some bold diving—I see you have a new ring on your hand."

"O, yes," she exclaimed, as though she had not thought of it since they had met after placing it on her finger. "What do *you* think of my new ring?"

"It looks well enough, but—" and Christo hesitated.

"But what?" asked Myra, with a most serious expression of countenance.

"O, nothing, nothing!" he replied, and attempted to take her attention away from the subject by referring to another painting—a beautiful landscape, giving the skies of Italy with rare and wondrous skill.

But this would not do; if he was careless respecting the ring, *she* must be anxious; and she felt a little irritated to find he was inclined to avoid asking any explanation of its presence on her hand. She lifted up the hand which had the ring upon it directly in front of his point of view, so that he could not see the picture, but must see the ring.

"Come, Christo, tell me what you think of my new ring," said Myra.

"Why, it's very pretty, and doubtless valuable for the sake of the giver," he replied.

"How do you know but that I got it myself?" said Myra.

"That may be, but your black hair wont turn to that color by being put into a ring," said Christo. "It isn't your own hair, is it?" he asked.

"O, no," she answered.

"Nor mother's?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

"Nor sister's? cousin Anna's? Ella's?" And so he went on, calling upon names of relatives and intimate friends, while Myra shook her head at each one.

She saw again his jealousy arising, and she enjoyed it, and replied when he stopped:

"Try again, Christo; you've mentioned only *lady* names."

That was true, for how could he dare to mention any belonging to his own sex; but he now took courage, and said:

"Why, it's not from a gentleman, is it?"

"Why not?" she answered. "Haven't I the privilege to receive such a present from a gentleman?"

"Of course, Miss Myra," he replied.

"Well done, Chris, you've *miss*-ed it now! haven't you?" said Myra.

"Pardon me, Myra," answered Christo, with some emotion. "That was foolish in me. Don't remember it—will you?"

"O, no," laughingly replied Myra; "but if I do remember it, I will only think it a *miss*, and that will be the only *pun*-ishment."

"But is it a gentleman's hair?" asked Christo, as he took the end of her fingers in his hand, and looked steadily on the ring.

"Yes, 'pon honor," replied Myra, with an as[illegible] you said you would not let me have a lock of your hair for any such purpose, and I told you I was set on having such a ring—you remember, don't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't think you were so serious as I find you were," he answered.

"Why, Chris', rings are serious subjects, you know," she replied.

"Yes, I know it *now*," answered Christo; "but I can't imagine why any gentleman's gift would have been acceptable, if you really wanted a lock of *my* hair for that purpose."

"There, Chris', you're jealous now," said Myra, with one of those searching and merry looks of hers that remind one of the harvest moon, that looks solemn, and yet seems merry, because of the mirth below.

Christo was puzzled, and frankly replied:

"Dear Myra, I am not jealous, but I own I am uneasy, and have been so the greater part of the evening. Tell me where you got that ring? Will you?"

"Yes, with the greatest pleasure imaginable," replied Myra. "*You* gave it to me."

"Never! But what do you mean, Myra?" he asked.

"I mean it's that first ring you gave me made over to my liking," Myra answered. "I tell you the truth, and you needn't look so incredulous."

"I am not incredulous," he answered, "I am only wondering; but you wont pretend that I gave you that hair?"

"O, no,—but it's yours, nevertheless, my Chris'!" said Myra, with a most happy tone of triumph.

"Did you steal it from my head when I was stupified to less earthly things by your music?" asked Christo.

"No, I never touched your head to get it," replied Myra. "I don't carry scissors with me when I sing. And then I knew you would be on your guard, for you declared I should not have a single hair. You were really despotic, and I was almost determined to be *barberic* myself. But I've got all I wanted, and isn't it beautiful?" she asked, as she held the ring finger up before his eyes.

"Well, Myra, I must say, I suppose, it's very beautiful," answered Christo. "The braid is exquisite, and it's indeed an ornament, seeing what finger it's upon," he added. "But I cannot conceive any way in which you could have got that hair. Where did you get it?"

"Who said *I* got it?" asked Myra, in her turn for questioning. "I never got it—no scissors that I know of were applied for the purpose, and no barber's shop ever had in its keeping what is here in this ring. You merrily defied me to get what I wanted for a ring, and I told you woman's wit would prove better than man's cunning, and it has;" and so saying, up went the ring again in triumph on a hand beautiful as the mirth in its owner's countenance.

"Come, Myra, do tell me the secret—I'm dying to know," said Christo.

"No, Christo, that wont do—men don't die so easily from curiosity as you would have me to believe," merrily replied Myra.

"But now do be frank and tell me the whole," urgently asked Christo.

"Well, I will gratify you, that you may know there are more ways than one for us ladies to get what we want," replied Myra. "One day I was at your mother's, and very privately asked your sister Nell to do a little favor for me—to go into your room every day after you left for the counting-room, and comb out for me, from your hair brush, every silken thread she could find, and save for me till I should get enough for my purpose. Last week that was accomplished, and no one can tell my pleasure when the ring came home this afternoon. Never was a rosy crown placed on the head of a May Queen with more delight than I slipped that ring on its appointed finger, and the bliss of my triumph has made me the happiest of hearts in this company tonight. Now what do you think of woman's wit against man's cunning?"

"O, I give up, Myra," replied Christo, "and I like the *ring* of your story as well as I love your music, and I hope—"

What he would have said was cut off by the signal for supper. They joined the procession to the dining hall, where they mingled in the sociality of the hour with spirits even more lively than before the ring disturbed the even flow of their happiness.

It was not many weeks after the above evening before Christo and Myra were married. Whatever were the presents which took place among the bridal gifts, none out-charmed to the eye of Myra her "Hair Ring;" and she delights from time to time to tell the story of her triumph—always sure to recount what a *brush* she had in order to obtain the victory.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Deserted Wife. Mother-in-Law. Shannondale. Virginia and Magdalene. Philadelphia: T. B Peterson.

This is a handsome book of seven hundred pages, containing the above four stories from the pen of Mrs E D. E. N. Southworth. The fame of Mrs. Southworth as a novelist is so extensive, that her works never remain long on the shelves of dealers. Mrs. Southworth's forte as a writer, is her power of portraying the natural emotions of home bodies, and therefore has few, if any rivals in the hearts of wives and mothers.

Snarleyyow or The Dog-Fiend. The Pirate and the Three Cutters. Philadelphia: T B. Peterson.

Both of these stories were written by Captain Marryatt, whose peculiar powers as a novelist, are extensively known

Sketches in Ireland. By W. M. Thackeray. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Boston: Fetridge & Co.

This, like Vanity Fair, by the same author, abounds in wit and sarcasm, and felicitous descriptions of scenes and manners of high and low society. Thackeray displays great individuality as a writer of fiction—imitating no one, and pandering to no one's taste or preferences; making his characters stand out clear and striking, and like a true artist, throwing just sufficient mellow tint on the surrounding objects to give a healthful glow to the entire picture.

Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio. First and Second Series. Buffalo: Miller, Orton & Mulligan.

These were the first two publications in book form, of the writings of Fanny Fern. and so favorably did the original off-hand manner of Fanny's description please the public, that the sales of the books have been immense.

Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking. Philadelphia: T. B Peterson.

This is decidedly one of the best books for housewives who desire to set a good table, that has ever been published. A true lady will never feel above knowing how to cook a good dinner.

Liebig's Complete work on Chemistry. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

[illegible] very valuable work of over four hundred pages, showing the necessity of Chemistry to advance and perfect agriculture. This is a branch of study that has generally been much neglected hitherto by our farmers.

American Pocket Library of Useful Knowledge. Compiled by Thomas C. Clark. Philadelphia: T. B Peterson.

This is a book of about one hundred pages of interesting statistical matter, with which every one should be more or less familiar. Among other good features, it has a likeness of each of the Presidents, a map of the United States and the Constitution.

JONES TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE.

When I was a boy, my father, who was a good man, sent me to school, and gave me what he called a liberal education. It cost him four dollars and seventy-five cents. I went to school during the winter. In the summer I remained at home; I plowed, I sowed, I raked, I mowed. I was a farmer's boy. Well, I grew older. I taught school. I studied law. Law didn't agree with me—thought to become a minister of the Gospel, but my conscience wouldn't allow me. I went into a grocery store as a clerk. It was a country grocery store, and its stock was made up of sugars, lace, candies, crockeries, tea, tin-ware, whiskey, whips, molasses, and an indefinite number of articles, which, according to the advertisement were too numerous to mention. I advanced; I bought out my employer; I grew richer every day, and finally, with a cash capital of five thousand dollars, I came to New York, and went into an extensive business. I prospered; I married; and at length I "burst." I felt bad. I had a wife—yes, I had a wife. She ran away with my book-keeper. I felt bad.

Well, one morning I awoke and found myself a widower, and in debt, and I could not pay my debts, so I shifted the responsibility, and ran away with—myself. I didn't feel quite so bad. I had five hundred dollars. I bought a suit of clothes and a bunch of cigars. I went to Boston. Thought Boston a nice—a very nice place; the people were nice, the streets were nice, and the stores were nice; but somehow or other everything and everybody were too nice for me. Men looked sharp at me over their pointed collars, and women didn't look at me at all. My star was on the wane. I felt bad.

I went to my hotel. I counted my money—I had two hundred dollars. I meditated. I felt bad. Resolved to go to New York; packed my trunk, and went to New York. Creditors arrested me; compelled me to swear how much I was worth; swore I wasn't worth a cent. I was set at liberty. Felt better. Counted my money; one hundred dollars. Felt worse.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

LADIES AT CHURCH.

Alphonse Karr says: "I am often struck with the power of memory exhibited by ladies who go to church regularly on Sundays and week days. Is it not, indeed, something superhuman which enables a woman, after she has passed an hour and a half in church, without ever lifting her eyes from her prayer book, or letting them wander from the preacher, to describe to you the toilette of every lady in church, without omitting the smallest details? She will not forget either their gloves or their collars; she will never give to one lady the lace ornament of another Not only does this require great perfection in the powers of memory, but a singular and phenomenal development of the sight, for ladies who sit at her right or left hand, or behind her, will not be omitted any more than those who sit before her. She will have seen them all, she will have remarked all the details of their attire, even those which are the most insignificant in appearance, without having been once caught turning her head, and without having exhibited a sign of being engaged with anything else but—her prayers!"

Existence is only felt to be valuable while it is necessary to some one dear to us. The moment we become aware that our death would leave no aching void in a human heart, the charm is gone.

Jester's Picnic.

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our private schools:

"Ah, Pat," exclaimed the school mistress to a very thick headed urchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet, "I'm afraid you wont learn anything. Now, what's that letter?"

"Sure, I don't know, ma'am," replied Pat.

"I thought you'd recollect that."

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has got a dot over the top of it."

"Och, ma'am, an' I thought it was a fly spec!"

"Well—now remember—it is I."

"You, ma'am?"

"No, no—not U, but I."

"Not I, but you, ma'am—how's that?"

"Not you, but I, blockhead!"

"O, yes, now I'll have it, ma'am. You mean to say, not I but you are a blockhead."

"Fool!" exclaimed the pedagogue, almost bursting with rage.

A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening in a country village on the subject of temperance, and as usual, after the lecture, the pledge was passed round, pointed towards a gang of bloated and red-nosed loafers near the door.

"Pass it along—perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause."

"We don't bite at a bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the rummies.

"Well," replied the ready clergyman, "I believe there is a kind of fish, called suckers, that do not bite."

A man, "a little better for liquor," as poor Munden used to have it, was gliding his way through Gower Street, lately, the pavement being like a piece of glass. At length he fell down just as a policeman was approaching the spot, who said to him good humoredly:

"I say, old fellow, I must take you up for sliding on the pavement."

To which he that was floored said, with great *sang froid:*

"I really vish you vould, for I cannot get up myself."

A French paper thus traces the sensation of a reader of advertisements:

The first advertisement—He don't see it.
The second insertion—He sees it, but don't read it.
The third insertion—He reads it.
The fourth insertion—He looks at the price.
The fifth insertion—He speaks of it to his wife.
The sixth insertion—She is willing to buy.
The seventh insertion—He purchases.

"Perseverance," said a lady, very earnestly to a servant, "is the only way to accomplish great things."

One day eight dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared.

"Sally, where are all those dumplings?"

"I managed to get through them, ma'am."

"Why, how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?"

"By perseverance, ma'am," said Sally.

A funny story is told of a man who stole a five dollar bill out in Indiana. His counsel tried to prove that the note was not worth five dollars, it being at a discount, in order to lessen the crime. The prosecutor said that he knew the prisoner was the meanest man in the State, but he did not think he was so all-fired mean as not to be willing to steal Indiana money at par.

"Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"Ees, sah, he berry good farmer; he make two crops in one year!"

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why, he sell his hay in the fall, and makes money once; den in the spring he sell all the hides of the cattle that die for want of hay, and dus make money twice."

A Jerseyman was very sick, and not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed, and one of them says:

"John, do you feel willing to die?"

John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with his feeble voice:

"I—think—I'd rather stay—where I'm—better acquainted."

A boarding miss, deeming "eat" a word too vulgar for refined ears, defines it thus: "To insert nutritious pabulum into the denticulated orifice below the nasal protuberance, which, being masticated, peregrinates through the cartilaginous cavities of the larynx, and is finally domiciliated in the receptacle for digestible particles."

Le Sage, the author of Gil Blas, said, to console himself for his deafness, with his usual humor:

"When I go into a company where I find a great number of blockheads and babblers, I replace my ear trumpet in my pocket, and cry: 'Now, gentlemen, I defy you all!'"

A man in Brownsville recently ate a yard of sausage on a wager of five dollars. After performing the feat, he pocketed the money, ate three or four dozen of oysters, and then offered to bet ten dollars that he could eat another yard.

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for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

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